

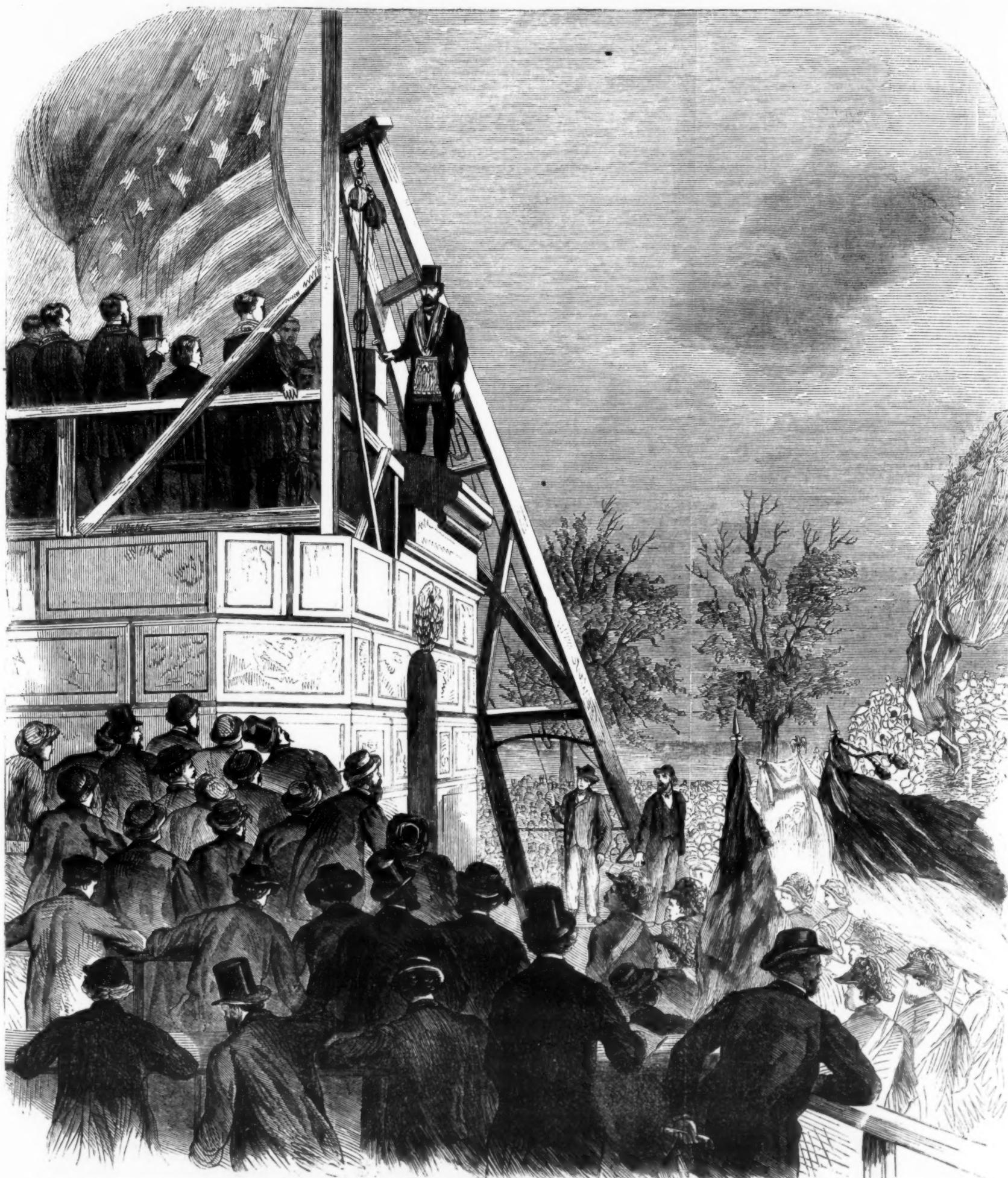
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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THE MASONIC GRAND MASTER OF ILLINOIS LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, ON THURSDAY, SEPT. 6TH, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—SKETCHED FROM THE REPORTER'S STAND BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

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Ocean Telegraphy—The Latest Triumph.

PROBABLY the most interesting and important fact connected with ocean telegraphy, is that of which we have just received a demonstration, namely: our ability to pick up, splice or repair a telegraphic cable in mid-ocean. It will be remembered that in laying out the cable of 1865, it was broken and lost at a point in the ocean about one thousand miles westward of Ireland. It was subsequently hooked with grapnels several times, but the hoisting apparatus was insufficient, and the attempt to recover it abandoned for the season. But not so the purpose. Stronger and better apparatus was prepared, and after the successful laying of the cable of this year, the telegraphic fleet started to hunt up, raise, repair and complete the old cable. This has been successfully done, and we have now two telegraphic cables in perfect working order between the Old and New Worlds.

This result not only shows that a cable, even if once broken, or its telegraphic continuity interrupted from any cause, is not necessarily lost, but it shows also that at least one thousand miles of cable may lie at the bottom of the ocean for upward of a year without sustaining perceptible injury or losing its powers. The portions of the cable raised from a depth of two miles, we are told, were as perfect as when laid down, and warranted the belief that it might have lasted for many years.

In case of a fault occurring in a cable, it may be asked, "How are we to know where it is, in order to go to the spot, raise and repair it?" The answer is simple, although probably not one man in ten thousand could give it correctly.

The conducting wires of the telegraph must be charged with electricity, as is a Leyden jar, before action can be had between the extremes. This process of charging occupies a perceptible time, longer or shorter, as the distance is greater or less. If we know that it occupies a given time between Valentia and Heart's Content, and that if in the process of charging it the cable becomes filled from either end in half that time, it is clear that there must be an interruption mid-way between the two places; if a fourth of the time, then that the interruption must be at a fourth of the distance, etc. Perhaps we may explain ourselves better still. If a certain time is requisite to charge a section of ten miles of a given cable, then we know how long it will require to charge one of a hundred, one thousand, or any given number of miles. The position of a break may therefore be determined with approximate accuracy; and its position once ascertained, we now know the cable in which it occurs may be raised and restored.

These facts will induce the laying of additional cables, and probably lead to the laying of others on new routes. It would be a calamity, and not an advantage, to have but a single line, which might be interrupted after business had begun to adapt itself to the commercial conditions which rapid transmission of intelligence must soon create. Happily we have now two lines, and it is presumable that another will be put down next summer. The Great Eastern will doubtless find her true destination and sphere of usefulness in connection with ocean telegraphy. Without her, it is doubtful, indeed, if the present cables could have been laid; and, after all, she seems to be destined to do a thousand times more for commerce than if she had realized the designs of her projectors and builders.

New lines of ocean telegraphs, as well as new cables, are made almost imperative, from the circumstance that both ends of the existing cables are on British soil. Of course, we should prefer to have them there rather than on French soil, or that of any other nation, as being less liable to interruption or abuse by arbitrary or irresponsible power. But we must not be at the mercy of Great Britain, or exposed to have our communication cut off at her will, or under any circumstances. Let us, by all means, have a line by way of the Azores and another by Behring's Straits.

Congress vs. the President.—The Issue.

The object of the terrible war through which the nation has passed was not alone to defeat an armed attempt to destroy the Union. It was equally, and as a necessary corollary, to insure the permanence of that Union.

It was not enough that the last rebel laid

down his arms and submitted to an authority that he could no longer resist. The country demanded guarantees for the future. Regarding slavery as an exciting cause of the war, and a possible excitation to further assaults on the Government, it required its abolition, and it was abolished, by a Constitutional Amendment, while all the rebel States were held, as they now are, unrepresented, and at the mercy of the Government. The acceptance of the amendment was made imperative on them. It was a condition absolutely and peremptorily required of them, and the army and navy of the United States, its whole power, in short, was held in reserve to enforce the requirement.

Other conditions were thought requisite by the vanquishers quite as requisite as the abolition of slavery; for, when an appeal is made to the sword, all constitutions and chartered rights are put aside, and the right of might becomes absolute.

President Johnson insisted that "Treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and impoverished. The great plantations must be seized and divided into small farms, and sold to honest, industrious men."

There were many men among those whom he aided in putting down the rebellion who did not approve his radical agrarianism, while they agreed with him that "treason must be made odious and punished." But when he asked the question, "Shall the traitors who brought this misery on the State be permitted to control its destinies?" the whole loyal population of the country echoed his emphatic answer, "No!"

President Johnson, fairly representing the sentiment of the vanquishers, the men who elected him for the purpose of carrying out their views and principles, insisted, as another condition logical to the result of the war, that the rebel States should, in the most formal manner, repudiate the rebel debt. He had no right to insist on this condition under any constitutional clause or provision whatever. He assumed the right as a conqueror, or as one representing the conquerors, in a struggle in which the vanquished had utterly waived and repudiated all constitutional provisions, favorable to themselves or otherwise.

In doing this, he without doubt exceeded his constitutional powers as President. He should have called together the co-ordinate branches of Government, and have submitted to them the whole question of "reconstruction." He had no more right, directly or indirectly, through his Secretary of State, to dictate terms to the rebels, except in his military capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the forces, than the meanest citizen in the land. At this time he recognized the fact, and told the rebel States that the matter of their "restoration" must be subject to the decision of Congress.

Such being the case, Congress should have been convened. But it was not. It met in ordinary course, and, after a period which many deem to have been unnecessarily long, but which history may not adjudge to have been too long, considering the gravity and difficulty of the question before it, formally, and in the shape of a Constitutional Amendment, prescribed the conditions on which it thought proper the "restoration," which President Johnson declared they alone had a right to grant, should be conceded.

This amendment declares, first, that all persons born or naturalized in the United States are citizens thereof, entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens, which no State can abridge without due process of law. Second, that representation shall be apportioned according to the number of voters in the States. Third, that no person having held an office of trust and honor under the Confederate States, and taken an oath of fealty to the same, shall be eligible as an elector of President or Vice-President, or again hold a Federal office, unless by authority of two-thirds of each House of Congress; and finally, that the public debt of the United States, incurred in suppressing the rebellion, shall not be repudiated, or the obligations of the late insurgent States recognized.

By accepting these simple, just, and moderate conditions—the first, necessary to the protection of the emancipated slaves; the second, requisite to "punish treason and make it odious"; the third, to secure to loyal voters their rightful voice in the Government, and the fourth, to put the national credit beyond cavil—by accepting these, the lately rebel States can come back into the Union in full fellowship. Never did conqueror concede conditions so generous. Never was crime condoned so lightly. Never was prodigal offered admission to the home he had deserted and attempted to desolate on terms so easy.

In proposing them, Congress did not yield to the fierce, implacable, and almost malignant spirit of the President, who would have made every rebel a pauper, and turned him out in the world a beggar. Actuated by a lofty and humane spirit, they would simply debar the violator of one oath from the opportunity of breaking another; the betrayer of

one trust from the chance of betraying another; the men who sought to destroy the country from obtaining additional power through their crime, to be used, perhaps, in discrediting the national faith.

The amendments came from Congress in due and constitutional form, and are taking the course prescribed by the Constitution. The President, who had again and again, in forms more violent far than those proposed by Congress, insisted on precisely the same conditions, now places himself in open hostility to the action of Congress. He denies the right of the nation to reap the logical results of the war. And a convention, called in his interest, meeting in Philadelphia, propounds the astounding doctrine that those engaging in rebellion lost none of their rights in consequence, and that the sole punishment of traitors is the failure of their treason! In other words, that the attempt to subvert the Government, through blood and slaughter, is a mere venal offense, entailing no disabilities, and may be renewed with impunity until successful. According to this doctrine, a member of a household may disconnect himself from it at pleasure, assail its members, and essay to burn down the common mansion; but, failing, has a perfect right to return, demand all his former privileges, the protection of the common roof, and immunity from the consequences of his conduct, until opportunity offers for another and perhaps more successful attempt at disruption and arson!

It will be remembered that an analogous doctrine was advanced by the wretched Buchanan, who could find no constitutional right to "coerce a State," nor any written warrant for a nation to preserve its life. The so-called "National Union Convention," meeting, as we have said, in the interest of the President, and manipulated by his supporters, declared:

"The Constitution of the United States is to-day precisely what it was before the war, the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. And to-day also, as before the war, all powers not conferred by the Constitution on the General Government, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the several States or the people thereof."

"The United States acquired no new power, no rights, either territorial or of civil authority, which it did not possess before the war broke out."

In other words, no branch of the Government has a right to impose a single condition on the lately insurgent States, nor can all its branches prescribe a single requisite to their perfect resumption of all the powers and privileges they possessed before the war! According to this doctrine, their Senators and Representatives have the right to walk into the halls of Congress and resume their seats, precisely as if the four years of bloody war had been no more than an adjournment for a juncuting!

No proposition could be more absurd or insulting to the common sense of the people, who are just as determined to so close up the late war as to prevent the possibility of another, as they were to prosecute it successfully. This can only be done by acceding their rights to all men, by making "treason odious," by securing to the legal voters in every section their just weight in the government, and by keeping the national credit high and its honor unimpaired. It is an abuse of terms to say that Congress is keeping any State out of the Union. The unrepresented States are keeping themselves, because they will not accept the conditions that experience, reason, and a decent regard for the peace and permanence of the country, render both proper and necessary.

The President tells us that the lately rebel States are entitled to admission into Congress whenever they present themselves there in the persons of loyal representatives; that they are as thoroughly in the Union as they were ten years ago; that the National Legislature has no right to impose conditions on their return.

By what right, then, did the President himself impose conditions precedent on them?

When have they presented themselves in the persons of loyal representatives at the doors of Congress? Why, Georgia came with the Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy as its loyal representative, while staunch loyalists like Joshua Hill were treated with neglect and scorn!

The question before the people is distinct and plain. The South should be treated with clemency, consideration and kindness; but the nation owes it to the dead and the maimed, as well as to the bereaved and the suffering, that all disturbing elements shall be expelled from its organization, and ample guarantees secured for the future. Are the guarantees exacted by Congress either unjust or excessive? If not, they should be insisted on by the voice of the people, to whom the issue is now submitted by the Executive and by Congress.

Domestic Duties.

THERE are few affairs in life to which the apothegm in regard to property "that it has its duties as well as its rights" may not with justice be applied, and especially does it hold true in regard to our ordinary social relations. Perhaps in these, however, most people would feel inclined to substitute "pleasures" for "rights."

We shall not quarrel about words, although there are certain applications of the proverb in which the existence of the pleasure may be doubtful, while that of the right is the reverse.

Every one engaged in the education of children will concede the necessity and the right of punishment of some kind or other, while it will not be easy to find any pleasure attached to it, even by the most severe disciplinarian. And as in punishments, so in other lesser restraints which do not fall into the category of punishments, being the preventives of social errors, rather than their attendant results. The right of setting up such barriers by the heads of families, for instance, is not denied by any one who reflects on the responsibility of parents. There can be no positive pleasure to the head of the family in denying theatrical amusements to his children; but his right to do so is but correlative with his duty, if he deem such amusements hurtful or immoral.

Perhaps we dwell too long on these distinctions of words, but they so underlie the whole subject which is in our mind, that we trust our readers will see presently that they are not superfluous. There is no one of our social relations on which our national institutions have more influence than that of parents toward their children. Whether for good or evil, this seems to be less strong and less enduring than among other nations. Every intelligent foreigner has remarked the precocious independence of our boys and girls, and, in trying to account for it, two or three solutions are hazarded. The political importance that manhood bestows is given as one reason why boys are encouraged, rather than checked, in forming and expressing opinions of their own.

Another is that, on account of the boundless expanse of our continent and the variety of occupation it offers, the chances are rather against a boy following the career of his father, and hence habits of independence are early cultivated. The ties of his home may be weakened, but the passionate love of country is not impaired. Perhaps traditional habits of education have something to do with it. A man who has won his way in the world is very apt to think his boys may do as he has done. He remembers that he was not "weighted" for his race with any inconvenient prejudices, and his boys shall have, as far as in him lies, the same chances as he has had. The tone which youth thus catches does not tend toward reverence to its elders or courtesy among its companions, but popular feeling is in favor of early independence, even though this, in its unripe state, has to the elder generation a strong flavor of arrogance and conceit.

But though we may assign various causes for the precocity of our boys—and each has, perhaps, more or less influence—these do not help us in the case of our girls. They are not to vote, scarcely are supposed to have political opinions, are not to earn their own livelihoods, nor to wander far from their homes. They are not expected to rough it like their brothers, and the pertness we pardon in a boy grieves us in his sister. We know that in the one his contact with the world will smooth down all asperities of surface, while the future of the other has no such discipline in store for her. There are, however, far more serious matters than mere manners involved in the influence that the education of boys has upon that of girls. We grant the almost insuperable difficulty of having in the same family two standards of propriety and decorum. It may be impossible to encourage "smartness" in the sons, and yet repress it in your daughters; to allow the one freedom of thought and action about the age when the "latch-key of his own" distemper sets in, and at the same time to tie the other to her mother's apron-strings, in the firm conviction that in that shelter lies her chief and only safety. It is equally impossible to explain to the young folks wherein the difference lies. Why the young gentleman should be allowed to go in and out at his own free will, choosing his own companions, and, very much on his own responsibility, laying the foundations for his own failure or success in life, and yet why the young lady should be guided in all things by her mother, from whose companionship and watchful care she ought never to seek release till her life be tied up in the same fagot with that of another.

Perhaps it is because many parents do not themselves see this, that society has to lament some consequences that result from allowing equal freedom of action to both sexes. Of course we shall not be understood as meaning that the freedom from parental restraints develops itself in both cases in the same way, though it may to an equal extent. There are always certain conventional proprieties which must be observed, but whether you bend the young tree to the east or to the west, either way is a departure from the rectitude which nature ordains. It is not an universal rule, but one sufficiently general for our present discussion, that boys, after a certain age, look to their fathers for precept and example, and the other sex to their mothers. Happy are both who take the full measure of their responsibilities. Happy, too, are the daughters who find in their mothers their best and choicest

companion. This is not the place to enlarge on the happiness of so close a tie. We seem almost to tread on sacred ground when we approach a subject hallowed in so many hearts. It is reluctantly that we leave the precincts where all that is pure and unselfish is enshrined, to look on another picture—one, alas! only too common.

We must say that we never could understand why in modern society parents should on certain occasions be looked upon as intruders on the society of their daughters. Why, to state the case plainly, when gentlemen pay evening visits, the presence of mamma should be considered by her daughters as an interruption to the enjoyment of their friends' society, or as a polite attention, to be dispensed with. To our old-fashioned notions it seems that if there be any time or place when the mother's support and countenance ought to be given to her child, it would be when visitors of the other sex are with her. But our modern young ladies boast of having changed all that. One would suppose there were conversations that the mothers must not hear; whispers, that either the listener or utterer must be ashamed of, that they can only be carried on in semi-darkened rooms, and in the absence of those whose presence would have been a restraint, if not an absolute interdiction to such intercourse. We repel the notion that this gradually increasing usage is framed on any idea incompatible with perfect purity of honor. But we cannot help pointing out to parents that they abdicate one of their most important duties when they allow their daughters to withdraw from their society, and thus deprive themselves of the protection which that society alone can give. The danger which attends such a course is manifest enough. We would not run into the extremes of French society, in which a young man is never allowed a solitary tête-à-tête with a young girl, even though betrothed to her. We are proud in the belief that our American maidens do not require watching. But on the other hand, and lastly, we cannot look with any degree of satisfaction on such a state of society as sanctions the habitual intercourse of the sexes, either at home or abroad, without that proper guardianship which all well-regulated minds will not only seek, but feel in a wrong position when they are deprived of it. We have nothing to say to the men who profit by this reprehensible fashion. It is not altogether their fault, and the true remedy is alone in the hands of the mothers, who allow themselves to be sent up-stairs when their daughters' evening visitors arrive. A proper sense of respect for their own characters and position will make them refuse to be so dismissed. The men will not esteem them or their amiable daughters the less, and if any do, they are better away altogether.

The Political Situation.

The autumnal elections are in progress, the salient issue being between the Presidential and Congressional plans of "reconstruction." Since this issue has been joined, two States have voted, viz: Vermont and Maine. It was to be expected that both these States would support the Republican Union party, but by reduced majorities. They have, however, greatly increased their majorities over those which they gave before the defection of the President and Mr. Seward, and when the whole patronage of the Government was thrown with the party which they have consistently supported. In Vermont the gain was six thousand, and in Maine the Republican majority is greater than was ever given to any party in the history of the State, being not less than thirty thousand, against nineteen thousand at the close of the war. The entire Vermont and Maine Congressional delegation is Republican Union. That such a result is equally startling, unexpected and significant, appears from the fact that the leading organ of the Democratic-Johnson-Seward-Raymond party, the *World*, looked for a "wholesome reduction of the Republican majority" on the morning of the election, basing its expectations not only "on the natural growth of the Conservative party," but on "accessions from the Republican ranks."

The nominations for Governor in New York have been made. The present incumbent, Governor Fenton, has been renominated by the Republicans. He is a man above reproach, who has faithfully discharged his duties during his term of office. The Democrats have nominated a new man, of some metropolitan repute, Mr. Hoffman. He has filled the position of Recorder, and is actually Mayor of the city. Fortunately or unfortunately, he has few political antecedents. On the great question which divided the nation, his record is not altogether spotless; but his personal character is above reproach. On the 22d of February, 1863, he said, in an after-dinner speech:

"Although we are bound to pay obedience to the Government, nothing forbids intelligent men to discuss the policy of the Government. The people will, at all hazards, discuss it, and they will insist that the war shall be conducted as *not to make slaves free*."

He steadily opposed the war, was hostile to the election of Mr. Lincoln, and eight days before the Presidential election spoke as follows to a meeting in Wall street:

"The merchants, brokers, and capitalists of New York have met on this occasion to declare it to be their honest conviction that the only certain way of bestowing peace, with the Union, is by hurling from power Abraham Lincoln with his minions, and electing in his place a patriot and statesman in the person of General McClellan."

New Jersey has ratified the Constitutional Amendment proposed by Congress, and the refractory member of the Senate of the State, who defeated the choice of United States Senator last winter, now expresses his readiness to go into an election. This will result in the choice of what is called a "Radical" Senator to fill the existing vacancy. The precarious health of Mr. Wright (Democrat) makes it not improbable that the present Legislature will be called on to name his successor.

In Vermont two Senators are to be chosen, who will, of course, be "Radicals."

A WHITE MOUNTAIN correspondent of a daily contemporary records the disappearance of one of the minor attractions of the mountain hotels—the tame bears: One of them got savage after being "denied up" for the winter, and was immediately converted into pomade. The other fell a victim to habits of intemperance. He was partial to the bottle, and was encouraged in this weakness by thoughtless tourists, who were pleased with the fatal facility which he exhibited in tearing off the string, drawing out the cork and swallowing the contents. At first it was lemon-soda that tickled his palate, but it was observed by profound tapers that he speedily acquired a relish and a preference for beer, winking knowingly when he saw the label. The consequence was that every one gave him beer. In a short time his gait became unsteady, and it was with difficulty that he steered clear of stumps. His nose changed color and his paws trembled; his temper became uncertain, and could only be mellowed and equalized by many morning drinks. At length the winter came, and this abandoned bear, neglecting the precautions of his kind, unable to sleep during the dreary months as his parents had done before him, to awake refreshed in the spring, indifferent to food, reckless of exposure, and blind to the awful results of his mad career, was found one night in the gutter in a hopeless state of inebriation. He was conveyed to the nearest station, and the inspector at once sent for medical aid; but it was all in vain. A bald-headed hostler (he had a strange antipathy to people with luxuriant hair) attended his last moments, and from him I learn these few faithful particulars of the immediate cause of death. The besotted creature had, it seems, borrowed a stable lantern, and, in his lust for liquor, had emptied its contents. Not satisfied with swallowing a pint of kerosene and a yard of wick, he proceeded, with the vitiated appetite of a drunkard, to devour the brass-work and polish of the globe. Death, of course, was the result of these excesses.

SLOWLY but surely Europe is awakening to a conception of the power and destiny of the American Republic, which, while Europe is absorbed with petty questions of politics and ambition, strides on with gigantic tread to the goal of her greatness. M. Emile Girardin tells the Government of France, in the columns of *La Liberte*:

"The population of America, not thinned by any conception, multiplies with prodigious rapidity, and the day may be foreseen when they will number sixty or eighty millions of souls. This *parvenu* is aware of his importance and destiny. Hear him proudly exclaim: 'America for the Americans!' See him promising his alliance to Russia; and we may also see that power, which well knows what force is, grasp the hand of this giant of but yesterday. In view of this unparalleled progress and combination, what are the little toys with which we vex ourselves in Europe? What is this needle-gun we are anxious to get from Prussia, that we may beat her next year with it? Had we not better take from America the principle of liberty she embodies, out of which has come her citizen pride, her gigantic industry, and her formidabile loyalty to the destinies of her republican land?"

The elections for the new Germanic or Prussian Parliament are now going on. The electoral law provides that every Prussian of twenty-five, not a lunatic, bankrupt, or a pauper, shall be an elector, and be eligible for election; that there shall be one member to every one hundred thousand souls, odd numbers to send one if they exceed fifty thousand; if otherwise, not; that the voting shall be taken in small sub-districts; that officials may be elected; that elections shall be by ballot, and scrutinized by a person not in office; and that the voting shall be direct. Universal suffrage is, in fact, established, with a reservation as to age and as to education, no Prussian being uneducated.

The cholera was severe in London during the month of August. At one time sixteen bodies of persons dead of cholera were left in the dead-house of St. George's-in-the-East unburied for some days. The cause assigned was that nobody would find the money to bury them. At last the parochial authorities buried them. Frederick the Great had once to meet that kind of difficulty, and met it. Some priest, without brain enough to perceive that burial is before all things a sanitary measure, refused to bury a parishioner, because he was unbaptized, or a sinner, or something. "Keep the body in his room till he does," ordered the cool monarch, and the priest somehow found that his conscience was ill-informed.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS, holding the Circuit Court in Warsaw, N. Y., on Monday, thus pronounced sentence on a man arraigned for selling liquor without license, whose lawyer had begged that he might be lightly dealt with: "This court cannot consent that the crime of selling liquor contrary to law shall be reduced to the level of the crime of high treason, in which everybody goes free and nobody is punished. We fine you twenty-five dollars, and you will be committed to jail until it is paid."

TOWN GOSSIP.

TWO TOPICS now engross so large a share of attention, that there is hardly time or thought for other matters—and these are business and politics. As to the first, when we say there is great activity, we do not tell

half the story, for activity is entirely too tame a word to apply to the rushing, ceaseless, inexorable demands of trade that make New York the metropolis of the continent, and, in many respects, the first city of the world. Such immense masses of boxes, bales, packages, and of all conceivable shapes in which things that may be eaten, drunk, worn and used, are continually in motion through our streets, that one could easily imagine the world to be engaged in a grand masquerade, or else, disgusted at the folly of modern times, seriously meditating *feu de se*, and a return to its primeval condition of chaos. Trade is monopolizing everything here; it drives us like Pariahs away from our homes—it takes possession of our streets, always excepting those the city railroads have mortgaged—it turns our churches into temples of mammon, and threatens in a little time to claim the whole island for its ever enlarging operations. We have been emigrating and emigrating further from its great centre, carrying our penates with us, until we have learned to measure our living time not by years, but by these repeated invasions upon our domestic tranquillity; and now the only prospect before us is the possibility of annexing New Jersey, or planting ourselves upon the soil of the Puritans.

But we must not forget our other topic—politics. The annual fairs have been lighted under the great cauldron, and it is already fuming and bubbling like some distract Vesuvius. What with conventions and candidates, and election returns, and stump speeches, is wanting to keep the public in a glow of excitement, supplied by the innate disposition of free and independent American citizens to form their opinions and have their say about all matters pertaining to local and general interests; and every man having a vote to deposit or dispose of in any way, becomes, for the time being, an important personage. Our worthy Mayor has been brought forward by his friends as their standard-bearer in the approaching contest for Gubernatorial honor, which fact will give additional interest to the campaign in this city.

During the week we have had a visit from some of the delegates of the second Philadelphia Convention, among them Governor Brownlow, with a public meeting at the Cooper Institute, and the usual concomitants of speeches, etc. The Governor is certainly a good exponent of what might, with great propriety, be termed radicalism, and in his use of terms is far more emphatic than choice.

Billiard lovers have had a fine treat, in the grand tournament, which brought together many of the best players in the country, and exhibited the wonderful skill which has been attained in the use of the cue. Some of the playing was very fine, and the various matches between the experts were watched with eager interest.

An accident occurred the other day which shows how the lives of our citizens are constantly periled on the numerous ferry-boats that ply about the harbor. A launch, containing some careless and drunken men from the Navy-Yard, came in collision with a ferry-boat, by which the men were thrown into the water and two of them drowned. The ferry-boat had no provision for rescuing the unfortunate, and no effort was made to save them. In the event of a boat being run down by another and suddenly sinking, every passenger who could not swim would inevitably perish, for if there are small boats at all on the ferry-boats, they could not accommodate a tenth part of the passengers, and they are so placed as to be practically inaccessible in case of danger. It is only when we are aroused by some fearful calamity that we devote a thought to the utter recklessness and disregard of human life with which our public conveyances are managed, and thus we expose ourselves daily to perils that would appall us if we had any idea of their magnitude.

In the way of amusements, we now have both abundance and variety, sufficient to satisfy every taste. Nearly all the theatres are open, and have been well patronized, the number of strangers in town contributing largely to their audiences.

The plays, however, are chiefly of the sensational order, and if criticised correctly, would be utterly reprobated as coming far short of the true mission of the drama, and pandering to a corrupt and perverted taste and a vulgar moral sentiment. But when the object of a play is simply to afford amusement for a passing hour, criticism is in a great measure disarmed, and nothing remains but the bare announcement of the performance and a brief notice of the good or bad points of the various actors.

Niblo's having been closed for several weeks, for the purpose of putting in a new stage and scenery, opened on Wednesday, with a grand ballet troupe and a spectacular piece called the "Black Crook," a story of sorcery and demonism.

Mr. Draper has given a series of operas at the French Theatre, which, on the whole, have been very well rendered, and tended to fill up the hiatus before the regular season commences, and to sharpen expectation for the appearance of the great Ristori, who has arrived in the city, and will make his *début* on the 24th.

The public are certainly much indebted to Mr. Draper, for his persevering efforts to cater for their entertainment.

The Winter Garden, the Broadway, and the New York Theatres put forth attractive bills, and enjoyed a full share of patronage.

A correspondent informs us that she has lately made a discovery in the science of Odontology, which, considering the intellectual culture and learning of our fair readers, we decline to state means something about that most beautiful part of a woman, not even excepting her eyes—we mean her mouth. The discovery is, that Leveit's Sweeteria is one of the pleasantest preparations for the teeth and gums we have met with, and we recommend all who prize those organs to try its efficacy.

EPISTOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A recent circular issued by Brevet Major-General and Chief Quartermaster J. D. Donaldson, of the Department of Tennessee, to the friends of deceased soldiers, announces that the removal of the bodies of Union soldiers buried in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and on the west bank of the Mississippi River from opposite Columbus, Ky., to the mouth of the Red River, Louisiana, to the National Cemetery at Memphis, Pittsburgh Landing, Fort Donaldson, Nashville and Columbus, Tenn., Marietta and Macon, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala., Natchez, Vicksburg and Corinth, Miss., during the ensuing fall and winter, will afford an opportunity for friends and relatives and surviving comrades of the dead to be present and assist in identifying their remains. The work of disinterment will commence about the 1st of October, and continue until all are gathered up. Friends desirous of being present at any of the places from which the dead are to be removed, by addressing Brevet-Major E. B. Whitman, Assistant Quartermaster, in charge of National Cemeteries and Mortuary Records, Murfreesboro', Tenn., will be informed at what time the disinterments will take place at any particular locality. All persons possessed of any information that may be of use in identifying the dead, who have not already done so, are requested to forward it to Major Whitman, who will see it placed in the hands of the officers engaged in superintending the removals to the several cemeteries. Catalogues of the dead already removed to the National Cemetery at Stone River, Chattanooga, and Knoxville, Tenn., will be ready for publication in a few days.

The fifty-second anniversary of the battle of North Point was celebrated on the 12th instant by the citizens of Baltimore and Baltimore County. The event has always been referred to by that city with becoming pride, one which illustrated the capacity of a citizen soldiery to suddenly transform themselves into such a bulwark of defense against foreign invasion as to challenge the admiration of the civilized world, including the disciplined British troops who vainly essayed, in

1814, a landing at North Point. The day has recently, it appears, attracted special consideration, and henceforth is to be observed by the suspension of business in the municipal offices, as well as by the closing of banks, etc., the General Assembly of the State having legalized it as a holiday.

—A frightful and fatal explosion took place in Albany last week. The saw and planing mill of S. & J. Rock, corner of Lawrence and Water streets, blew up, killing ten or twelve persons, and seriously injuring eight or ten more. No cause is known, as the engineer was killed with the others. The noise of the explosion was heard to a great distance, and nearly all the windows in the vicinity were broken. A number of persons were struck with fragments of timber and stone, and it was reported that three or four bodies were thrown into the river.

—George Peabody has recently been in Fort Mills, in Thetford, Vt., on a visit to an aged aunt residing there, and has given the citizens of the village five thousand dollars for a library, two thousand dollars to be a permanent fund, the interest to be expended yearly in the purchase of books. A library building is to be erected immediately.

—General Grant has not only given arms to the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, but has also restored to them the old "Cadet Battery." He remarked in doing so that "the rising generation must be educated, and the means for this purpose must not be withheld."

—The officers of the secret service have succeeded in capturing, in Southern Illinois, a noted counterfeiter named P. McCartney. A printing-press, counterfeit plates of the \$20 compound interest notes, and a large amount of counterfeits were also seized. McCartney is a counterfeiter who has been unusually successful in his operations in the West, and has twice before been arrested. He was captured by Colonel William Wood, in October, 1864, in Indiana, but managed to escape by jumping from the cars when handcuffed and ironed, while on his way to the East.

—A company are busily at work sinking a mine on a small island in South Coventry Lake, Conn., in the hope of finding the treasure which they suppose Captain Kidd to have buried there. An old man who assisted the pirates in the concealment of their gold, died a few years ago, and the company are working under the direction of his son, to whom he entrusted the information. A similar company are at work at Nova Scotia, and Mr. Marble, an insane old man, has been engaged in the same Quixotic operation for many years at the ledges on the coast near Salem, Mass.

—Last week a young bull was picked up at sea, off Chebeague Island, coast of Maine. The animal was five miles from the main land when he was overhauled, and was hard on his way to visit his English cousin.

—One night last week a daring attempt was made to rob the Baltimore Post-office. The night clerks were on duty as usual, and about the hour named an *attaché* of the office noticed a man getting into one of the side windows. He waited quietly until the fellow had effected an entrance, when he coolly seized the individual and held him in custody until the arrival of the police.

—On the 10th ult., 20,000 ounces of gold, valued at \$400,000, were deposited in the Branch Mint at San Francisco, the largest amount ever received in a single day.

—A report received at the Freedmen's Bureau from North Carolina represents that the condition of the freedmen is generally favorable, and that there are at present but about 2,500 dependents, notwithstanding that there is a colored population of nearly 300,000. A majority of those who are dependent upon the authorities for support are unable to labor by reason of disease, infirmities or advanced age.

Foreign.—To prevent the frequency of "breach of promise" cases in the English courts, a bill will soon be introduced into Parliament, enacting that a promise of marriage, to be held binding, so that a breach of it shall constitute a ground of action, must be given in writing, and attested by two competent witnesses.

—According to the official returns, the number of sick and wounded in the hospitals, which are under Prussian care, is between 33,000 and 34,000. Of this number the sick make up about 12,000. The proportion of Austrians among these suffering reminders of the war is said to be seven in thirteen. The losses sustained by the Prussians in men killed in battle or who died of their wounds, is certainly not under 25,000, to which must be added half as many more who died from sickness, especially from cholera and diarrhea.

—London was startled recently by placards announcing that thirty Franchmen had been cooked and eaten. Under the belief, we suspect, that the scene had occurred in France, the evening papers were eagerly purchased, when it turned out that thirty men had indeed been eaten, but by the natives of New Caledonia, who had always been cannibals. They were a boat's crew belonging to the Fulton, and their comrades, in revenge, killed every native they could find.

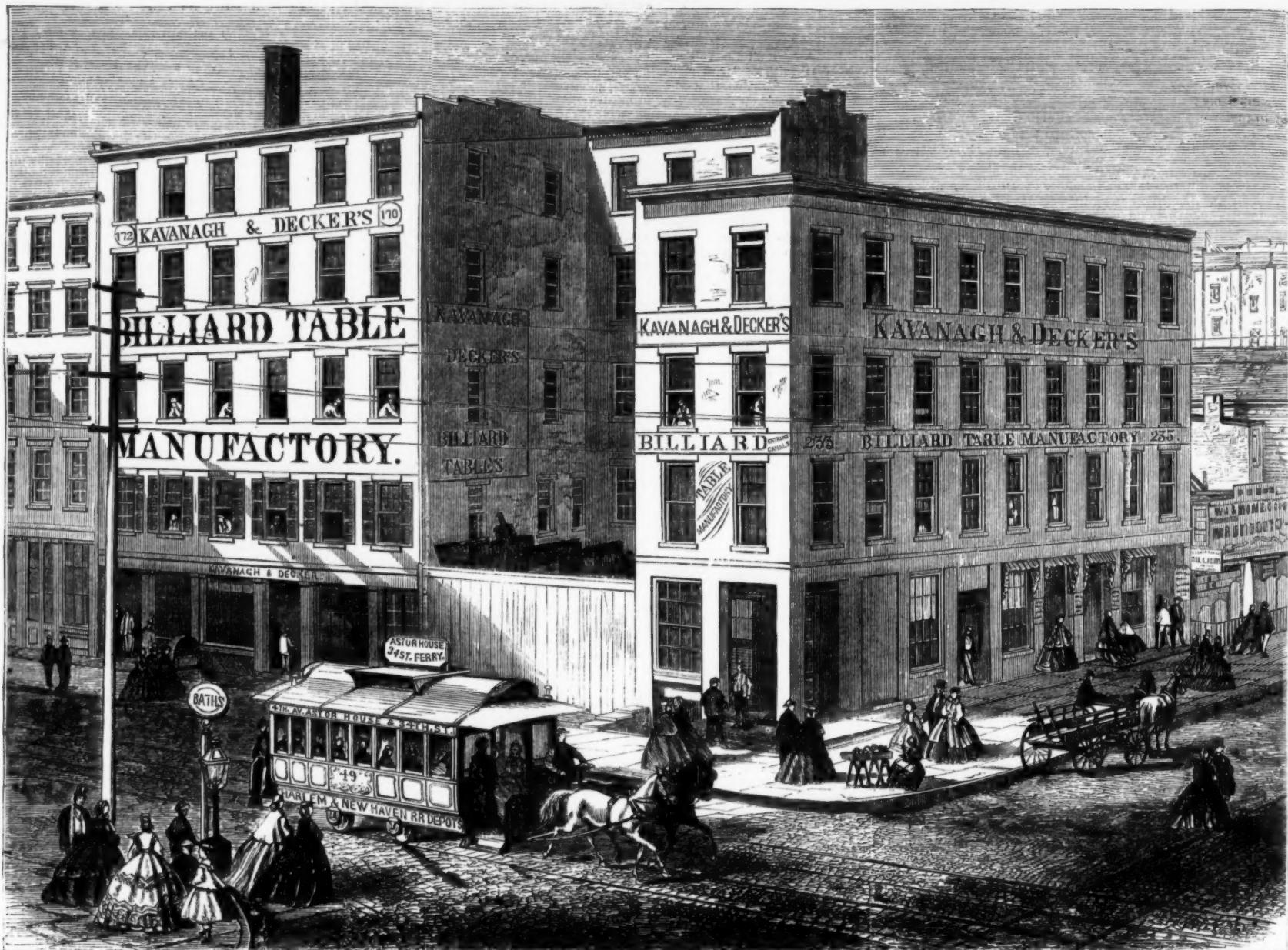
—The great champagne grower, Madame Clicquot (*reue*), whose death has recently occurred, is much deplored on account of the extreme liberality of her character. The following authentic anecdote is related of this excellent lady: Three years ago her son-in-law, the Count de Chevigné, lost, in the Rue des Petits Champs, a portfolio containing forty bank-notes of one thousand francs each. The count, on discovering his loss, gave notice to the police, remarking at the same time that he had no hopes of recovering it; adding, however, "I start for Rheims this evening; my name and address are inscribed in the pocket-book; therefore, if it should be found, you can forward it to me." That evening, as M. de Chevigné was about to take his ticket at the railway-station, a poor workman came up to him and asked him if he had lost anything. "Of course," answered the count; "in the Rue des Petits Champs I dropped my pocket-book, with forty notes of one thousand francs each in it." "I am happy, sir, to return it to you; pray open the portfolio and reckoning the money." M. de Chevigné expressed his gratitude by a polite bow, took his ticket, and started for Rheims. When at dinner he entertained his mother-in-law with the anecdote. "What reward did you give the poor man?" inquired Madame Clicquot. "None," replied this representative of aristocracy; "it never struck me." "Well, then, the best thing you can do," replied his mother-in-law, "is to return the poor man's address—which you will easily do at the police-office—and share with him the forty thousand francs he restored to you, adding ten thousand on my account." The poor workman has been ever since enjoying an income of 1,750 francs per annum, the interest of the sum he owes to his honesty.

THE MASONIC GRAND MASTER OF ILLINOIS

Laying the Corner-Stone of the Douglas Monument.

The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the Douglas Monument were conducted by the Order of Masons, and were especially solemn and impressive. They were commenced with a brief and appropriate address by Mayor Rice. The Masonic Grand Master of Illinois, J. R. Gavin, then appeared in front of the stand and delivered a short, touching and eloquent address, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the illustrious deceased, both as a friend and as a Mason, and referred to the fact that a statue will be placed on the monument, visible to the voyager of this inland sea as long as starlight and sunbeam love to dance on its crested billows. The Grand Chaplain then invoked the Divine blessing, when the ceremony of laying the corner-stone took place according to the Masonic ritual. After blessing with corn, wine and oil, the stone was lowered in its place, while minute-guns were being fired and the band played a dirge which seemed to solemnize all hearts.

THE GREAT WORKSHOPS OF AMERICA.



MESSRS. KAVANAGH & DECKER'S BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTORY, CORNER OF CANAL AND CENTRE STREETS, NEW YORK.

KAVANAGH & DECKER'S BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTORY.

DEVOTEES of the art of billiards are of course aware of the existence of a building at the corner of Centre and Canal streets, on which the names of two of

its high-priests figure so conspicuously, but others of different proclivities and pursuits in Gotham may be lamentably ignorant of the fact. The manufacture of billiard tables, like the art of printing, is part and parcel of the poetry of trade, and he who fails to perceive this falls far short of that most envied of characters—the man about town. The establishment of Messrs. Kava-

nagh & Decker, in the precise locality named, is a sight to see, even in this age of lions, whose roars are advertisements. Occupying four lots on Centre street and two on Canal street, its many stories are devoted to the phases of the manufacture of those idols of the many—billiard-tables. The "drying-room," whose tropical atmosphere, caused by the steam apparatus used for

seasoning the timber, prevents any but a brief inspection, and the "setting-up room," where shapelessness assumes shape, with plenty of space to do it in, occupy the third floor. Thence, surmounting this vast pantheon, up unnumbered steps, and through the probation of the whirr and clink-clank of mysterious machinery, we at last arrive, confused by quick suc-



MR. DUDLEY KAVANAGH.



MR. LEVI DECKER.

ceeding wonders, on the fifth floor, where, under the influence of the master spirits and their deft workmen, arise at length, out of the chaos of buzz, hum, straps, shafts, steam, wood, sists and sweet oil, the six-legged, green-vested gods of the *Mineur*. On our way down into Centre street, we arrive at the shipping and packing-rooms, where a legion of men are engaged in boxing-up exquisite pocket and carom tables to the various centres of civilization, and where the graduated admiration of the visitor culminates in unequalled amazement at the extent of this almost poetic traffic. The offices, both public and private, are excellently ordered, and the show-room, probably the largest of its kind on the American continent is simply magnificent.

Without doubt, the tables of Messrs. Kavanagh & Decker are the tables for the American game. If we may accept such *indicia* as the stipulation, when challenged, that the game should be played on none other, this is the dictum of Roberts himself. The reputation which these two manufacturers have acquired is augmented day by day from the four quarters of the globe.

Mr. Dudley Kavanagh, a native of Ireland, came into this country when very young. He has successively beaten a whole host of opponents, in whose list figure Foley, Tieman, Goldthwait, Seereiter, and Lynch. A knowledge of Lavater is scarcely required to detect, in his square jaw, thin lips, and clear, calm eyes, the

FOUNDERING OF THE AFFON-DATORE.

In the recent naval engagement between the Austrian and Italian fleets the *Italians* were greatly worsted, and several of their vessels were so much disabled that they sank. The iron ram *Affondatore* was one of those which went down before the battle ended.

Our illustration gives a view of this ship just as she is gradually sinking and before the waters closed over her forever. Though her crew fought bravely, she was not proof against the heavy metal mercilessly hurled against her by the enemy.

WASHINGTON'S SURVEYING OFFICE.

ABOUT half a mile from Berryville, Va., in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah stands a plain, unpretending dwelling, that was once occupied by General Daniel Morgan, of revolutionary memory, and which he named "Soldier's Rest."

We give a view of this Rest on this page, as also of one of the out-buildings, an old log hut, which well authenticated tradition states was occupied by Washington, while surveying land in this region for Lord Fairfax. It is about twelve feet square, and is divided into two rooms, one in the upper and the other in the lower story. The lower apartment was then, and is now, used as a milk room. A beautiful spring gushes up from the rocks by the house, and flows in a clear, crystal stream, under the building, answering admirably the purpose to which it is applied, in cooling this apartment. Many years since, both the spring and the building were protected from the heat of the summer's sun by a dense copse of trees. The upper, or attic room, which is about twelve feet square, was occupied by Washington as a place of deposit for his surveying instruments, and as a lodging—how long, though, it is not known. The room was lathed and plastered. A window was at one end, and a door—up to which led a flight of rough steps—at the other. This rude hut is, perhaps, the most interesting relic of that great and good man, who became "first in the hearts of his countrymen." It is a memento of him in humble life, ere fame had encircled his brows with her choicest laurels, before this nation, now among the highest through his exertions, had a being; but the vicissitudes and toils of his youth combined to give energy to his character, and that practical, every-day knowledge, which better prepared him for the high and important destiny that awaited him.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

We present our base-ball readers this week with the portrait of Edward Beadle, the first baseman of the Gotham Club of New York, and a good representative of what we may properly call the new school of ball-players, by way of contradistinction to the "old boys" of the fraternity, who are rapidly disappearing from the list of active members of our prominent clubs.

The time was when the Gotham Club was at the top-round of the ladder of base-ball fame, and the games the club played in the most attractive of the day. Latterly, however, the club has, in a measure, remained content with the laurels of the past, without making any earnest effort to add new trophies to their fame. Some few years since the Gothams wisely determined to rejuvenate themselves with the introduction of some young blood into the club arteries, and for a time again assumed a leading position as a strong playing club; but, of late, from "peculiar circumstances," much of their young and valuable material has been withdrawn from them; and though they have, with commendable spirit, refused to succumb to this outside pressure, they, nevertheless, feel its enervating effects in lessening their strength as a playing club.

Prominent among the young players—the Gotham Juniors—taken into the field, as above alluded to, was the subject of our sketch, and he has been found a faithful one from among the faithless crowd who have like ingrates deserted the club who were the first to foster them. His position since he entered the Gotham nine has been that of first baseman, and most ably has he fulfilled the duties of the position. Fearless in facing swiftly-batted or thrown balls, quick in watching the "points" of the game, and prompt to take advantage of all legitimate chances offered him, he has generally acquitted himself as a fielder, and also at the bat, in the most creditable manner. One of the most noteworthy traits in young Beadle's character is his gentlemanly demeanor on all occasions. "Swifter in modo, fortiter in re," is a motto he apparently has adopted as his own, and a better one ball-players could not well select. The youngest of the nine—he is but twenty years of age—he is the favorite of all, and in deportment is really a model ball-player, and alike a credit to his club and the fraternity.

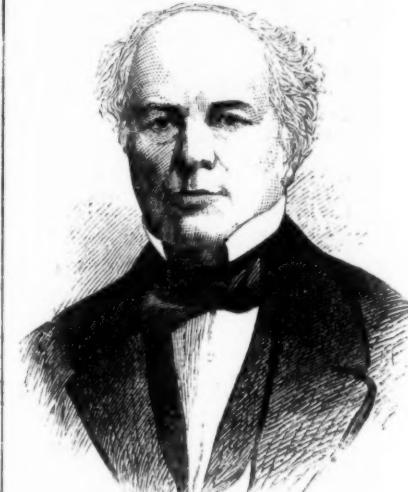
NOTICE TO CLUBS.—As our *repertoire* of portraits is being rapidly filled up by contributions from organizations outside the principal seaboard cities, and as we desire to give precedence to our metropolitan clubs, we hereby notify the Association Clubs of New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia that unless they send in portraits of their respective men before Saturday week, we shall proceed to make our own selections.

We give notice that, in view of the fact that the junior fraternity have permanently organized a National Association, and that among the clubs represented are to be found many worthy aspirants for base-ball fame, we shall, as opportunity offers, present portraits of such members of the junior clubs whose social *status*, as well as playing skill, merits such public recognition. The friends of such as are within this category will oblige us by sending us in cartes-de-visite of junior players, and among them we desire those of the leading officials of the junior associations.

HON. ISAAC O. BARKER.

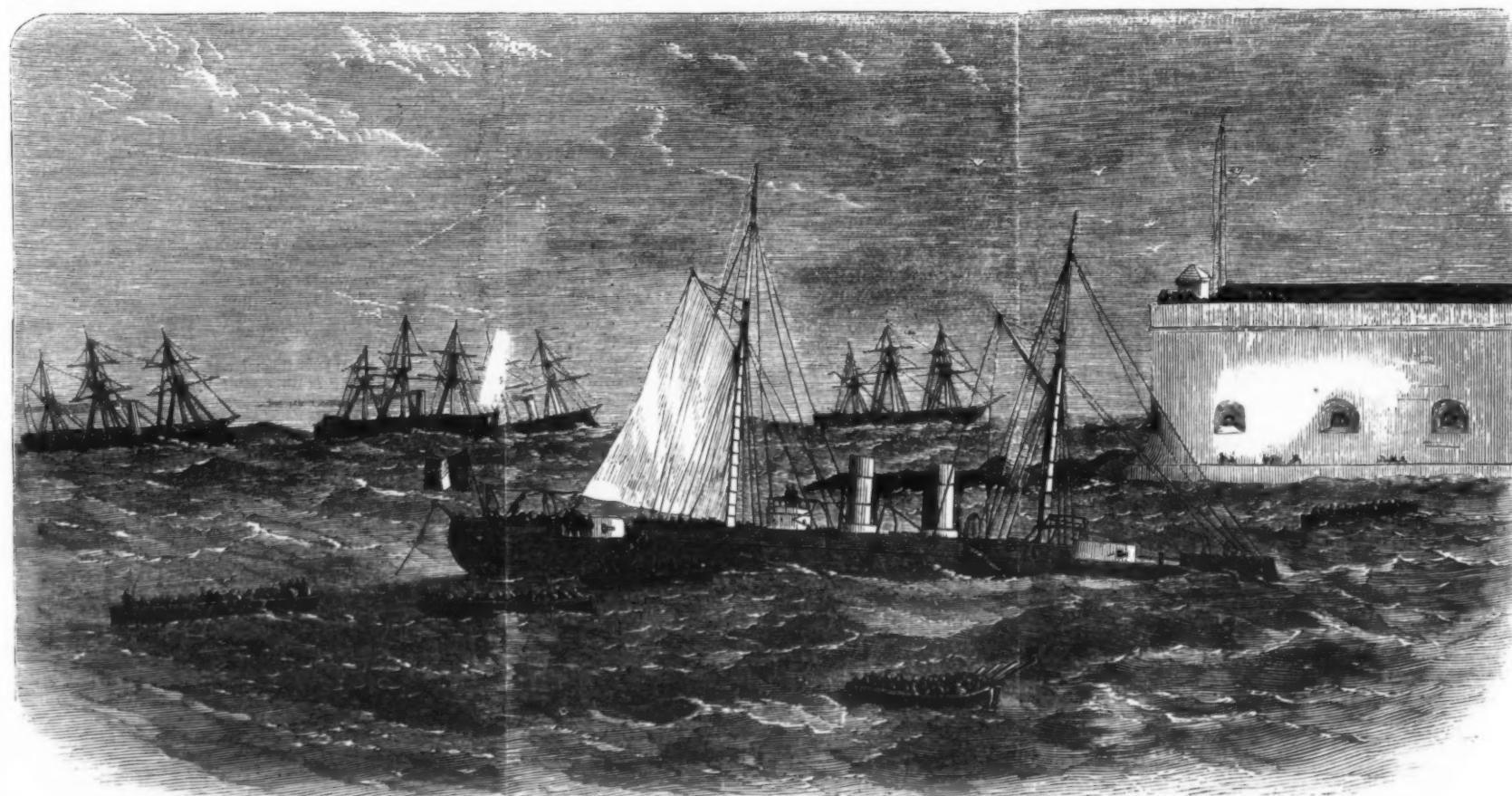
ANOTHER of our prominent citizens has paid the debt of nature, and left to his friends and the community, as a priceless inheritance, a stainless record of fidelity and integrity. We refer to Hon. Isaac O. Barker, who died on the 4th inst., and whose loss will be felt, not only by his immediate family friends, but by the city at large. Mr. Barker was born at White Plains, New York, in 1803, and educated at Union College, graduating in the same class with Secretary Seward, with whom he always maintained a close friendship. After leaving college he commenced the practice of law

in this city, and attained a high position as an able counselor and successful advocate. While his ambition did not lead him to take a very active part in politics, he was not unwilling to wield his wide influence in an official capacity, and was elected Alderman in 1853, and re-elected in 1855, and the next year made President of the Board, and as such was acting Mayor for a consider-



THE LATE ISAAC O. BARKER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. A. LEWIS.

able period. He was also a candidate for the Mayoralty, but was defeated by Fernando Wood. At the organization of the Rutgers Insurance Company, thirteen years ago, Mr. Barker was chosen President, a position he held with signal ability until his death. Genial in intercourse, distinguished in personal appearance, diligent in business, incorruptible in integrity, proof against temptation, Mr. Barker was a noble type of the useful citizen and good man, whose example will long remain for the imitation and respect of his fellows.



THE ITALIAN IRON CLAD RAM AFFONDATORE, FOUNDERING IN THE HARBOR OF ANCONA.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

BY MRS. A. J. DICKINSON.

They dressed her in her spotless robes,
And on her raven hair
They bound the long, white bridal veil,
With orange blossoms rare.

They tied around the snowy neck
A string of glistening pearls,
And nothing left a shadow there
Except her matchless curls.

And in her gentle, dove-like eyes,
And on her forehead fair,
There dwelt no lines of troubled thought,
And not a shade of care.

The bridegroom and the holy man,
All and the guests were there;
And all devoutly knelt before
The Father's throne in prayer.

Then all arose—the holy man
Began the mystic rite:
What was it in their midst that blanched
Each face so deadly white?

What palsied every arm, and turned
Each throbbing heart to lead,
Of all that gay and happy throng?—
The bride, the bride is dead!

"What! no, it cannot, cannot be!"
The trembling bridegroom cries,
Alas! the ghastly seal e'en now
Has set those dove-like eyes.

All tenderly they laid her down
Upon her bridal bed,
And gazed with pitying eyes upon
The beautiful, the dead.

They crossed the helpless hands upon
The cold and pulseless breast,
And one by one they went away,
And left her there to rest.

But there was one who lingered yet—
"Oh, God! must it be so?
I cannot say Thy will be done—
I cannot bear my woe!"

But all in vain his murmurings,
The loved one must depart;
She is, alas! the bride of death!
And his a widowed heart.

The bride of death, arrayed in robes
For bridal altar meet,
Of veil, and flowers, and satin white,
Instead of winding sheet.

Madeline's Marriage;
or,
THE STEPDaUGHTER.

CHAPTER XV.—LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

It was in the balmy May weather the trial was to come on. The prosecution had but light testimony, but their accusation had the consent of the crowd.

There was an intense excitement. Scarcely a paper but devoted a paragraph to such details as excite the blood-thirsty curiosity of the public. Descriptive scraps, with such headings as "Tragedy Romance in High Life!" "Love and Murder in New Orleans!" &c., appeared daily, and were copied and circulated the country over.

One of these paragraphs was clipped for a provincial weekly, and found its way, one bright morning, into the cheerful little photograph gallery where our old friend, Robert Hylder, was waiting blithely for subjects.

Mr. Hyder was still a bachelor. The years had not changed him much—he was not quite as awkward—quite as brawny; but his eyes were as penetrating, his mouth as honest, as ever; and his thoughts, in quiet hours, were not unapt to wander back, with reverent recollections, to the woman whom he had—in his crude way—idolized, and with a self-pitying presumption dared to love. He thought of her in a penitive, worshipful way—keeping the shrine out of sight, but perfumed and garlanded, nevertheless.

When he had read the paragraph which announced Madeline St. Hellens's trial for the murder of her husband, he stared at it, without understanding it, for a time. Then he said, slowly: "Who'd have thought it? who'd have thought it?" and yet, with the universal proneness to admit the plausibility of the evidence, he added, after a little reflection:

"There was a look, too—always a strange, fixed look about her face, as though nothing would hold her back from a purpose she was set on. I wonder now if I could find those pictures I made of her? I'd just like to see if I'm right about that look."

Mr. Hyder rose, and taking a bulky pasteboard portfolio from a shelf, proceeded to examine the contents.

He handled the collection of *graphs* and *types* with a fond care; some he lingered over, as though they had their little histories.

Presently he came to a negative, which engrossed him for a good while. He turned it about and studied it thoughtfully.

"I took that," he said, meditatively, "the very morning she was married."

He paused—looking more and more sharply, squinting his eyes.

"It never occurred to me," he continued, "at what an angle with the house my camera was placed. There must be considerable of an *interior* through that window, if I could only bring it out. It was the old man's room, too, I declare! Now,

who knows but I might get a picture of him, if I could only bring the whole thing out?" and with a sudden impulse of professional enthusiasm Mr. Hylder hustled the remaining pictures back to their place, and got his instruments in order for the work he was undertaking. He repeated the view a good many times, magnifying it under a strongly concentrated light and bestowing the greatest care upon the finishing process.

What with interruptions and all, several days elapsed before he was satisfied; and when, with a proper lens, he proceeded to investigate the appearance of the room, as it stood, so strangely preserved, his excitement and interest seemed to culminate. An expression almost of alarm crossed his countenance, and drops of sweat started upon his forehead.

He got up, nervously; referred to the paragraph in the paper, and then went back, anxiously, to his investigations.

At length, with a sigh of relief, he went to his writing-desk. For an hour he wrote with laborious consideration, and afterward went out himself and mailed his letter, which was addressed:

"To the Counsel of Mrs. St. Hellens."

The day of the trial came, bright and balmy, for all the heavy hearts it rose on.

Madeline's counsel—Mr. Blinck, one of the most talented criminal lawyers in the State—had told her that the best he could hope for was a verdict of *Not Proven*. There was so little material to work upon that he was depressed, and naturally enough his spirits were acutely watched by those to whom there was so much involved, in its efforts, and his failure to appear sanguine deepened their gloom.

Early on the morning of the day, Mr. Blinck came to Madeline; and had she been less apathetic and hopeless, she might have detected a sudden gleam of energy in his face.

"Mrs. St. Hellens," he said, "had you ever a suspicion that the man Simon might have been implicated in causing your husband's death—a suspicion, I mean, with any foundation?" he added, cautiously.

A faint red line streaked Madeline's cheeks for a moment, and a gleam of interest lighted her heavy eyes.

"What have you heard, Mr. Blinck?" she answered, equivocally.

"Nothing, I am sorry to say, that you must build any hopes upon; and yet—it is better than the absolute blank we are groping in now. Here is a letter I have just received. Hylder is the signature. Do you know such a person?"

"Hylder—oh, yes—Robert Hylder," she said, with a relapse into her previous indifference. But she took the letter; it ran:

"Sir:—By a singular circumstance, I have in my possession a photograph view of the interior of the room occupied by the late Mr. St. Hellens at the Brierville Water-Cure upon, and previous to the day of, his marriage with Miss Madeline Orme, who is, I now understand, accused of poisoning him. Of this view I am the artist. I think the resemblances of the figures will insure its authenticity.

"I will tell you why I send it. The papers say that Mr. St. Hellens sank into a state of partial imbecility upon the morning of his marriage, and never recovered the use of his faculties; and that it is conclusively shown that his imbecile condition was the result of slow poison. If that is so, the poison was administered to him before ever he saw Miss Madeline Orme, for he had turns precisely like that he had on his wedding day from his first coming to the *Cure*. But from these he would recover after a few days.

"To return to the photograph: it shows, as you will see by magnifying it properly, the upper parts of the figures of Mr. St. Hellens and a colored servant whom he had with him. The servant, whose name I forget, stands, you see, close to the window, holding a small cup into which he is dropping or pouring something from a phial (which is too small to be distinguished.) The cup I should think was of metal—not transparent. I don't think I go too far in saying that there is a keen, concentrated attention expressed in the man's face, which suggests *caution* in what he is doing. I believe members of the family will remember that Mr. St. Hellens remarked upon being obliged to take some liquor, as he was sometimes in the habit of doing, that morning. I don't believe Miss Orme ever gave him anything to eat or drink prior to their marriage. I can prove all these things if they will do you any good."

"Very Respectfully," ROBERT HYDER."

"There is material here," said the lawyer, thoughtfully—yet in spite of himself hopefully; "and still it is unprofessional material!" Dr. Jarves will testify that he attended Mr. St. Hellens for years, and never discovered the symptoms of any such affection as existed from the time of his return to New Orleans after your marriage. How long, do you know, had he been absent from here?"

"Nearly two years, I think," Madeline answered.

"And, then, this young man's statement as to his having had precisely similar attacks before you were married would weigh for naught against scientific testimony."

"But Mr. St. Hellens was under a physician's care for two months before I met him."

"Whose?" asked Mr. Blinck, eagerly.

"Dr. Richards's, in Minnesota."

"My dear madam, why haven't you told me these things before?"

"I don't know," was the apathetic answer. The lawyer leaned his head upon his hand. He said:

"The trial must be postponed."

With some difficulty this delay was assented to. Having gained that point, Mr. Blinck went back to Madeline. His face was earnest and troubled, like that of a man in a maze. He paced the cell as if to work himself into that species of inspiration which often aims right, although blindly.

Again he seated himself and resumed the study of the photograph.

"Have you any recollection," he asked, "of the glasses or dishes from which Mr. St. Hellens took his medicine or food? Try to think whether there was any peculiarity about them—whether the same were generally used, or what?" and he looked at her anxiously.

Madeline pressed her fingers against her eyelids weakly.

"I don't know that I ever noticed anything. I was very seldom in the room when his meals were served, and I don't think he took much medicine. Simon gave him brandy the night he had the paralytic shock."

She paused a little.

"Well, what did he give that from?"

"It was a small silver cup which belonged in the liqueur-case. I think he always gave it from that, now that I recall—"

"You do? What was this case like?"

"Oh, it was a handsome one—like any other."

"No peculiarities about it?" he asked, vaguely leading her on.

She seemed to make an effort to remember.

"I often noticed it," she said; "it generally stood open. I don't think of anything unusual, except that one of the compartments was empty."

"Empty!" He dwelt a moment on that fact.

"What sized compartment was that?"

"One of the smaller ones, I think."

"Do you remember what directed your attention to the fact that this place was empty?" questioning her with a calm, probing scrutiny.

"Yes; I remember that there was a little card picture, such as they give for rewards in Romish schools, in the bottom of the empty compartment. It was a very pretty picture of Sainte Euphrasie, and I noticed it."

"How do you suppose it came to be placed there? Wasn't it odd that it should be there?"

"No. The case was highly polished inside, and slips of paper were laid in the bottom of all the compartments to keep them from being scratched, I suppose. Simon was very careful about such things."

"And this place was always empty? You never saw the missing article replaced, you think?"

"No. I always noticed the little picture of Sainte Euphrasie."

Mr. Blinck went to work.

By that afternoon's train an able detective started for Brierville. The furniture of the rooms Mr. St. Hellens had occupied at Desir had remained untouched. The lawyer took them into his custody, and gave them a strict examination. He found the liqueur-case as his client had described it. The compartment opposite, and alike to that which was empty, contained, he found, a small silver cup, which it was not difficult to identify with the cup in the photograph.

Mr. Blinck also noticed the little picture of Sainte Euphrasie. It was stamped, he found, with the insignia of the Order of X—. There was, of course, nothing peculiar in the fact that it was there. But as he removed it, he noticed that it was speckled minutely by something which had discolored the paper. He touched these specks to his tongue, and detected a faint acid taste. His countenance changed slightly.

"The St. Hellens estates went to the Order of X—!" was his significant thought.

Within a fortnight a telegram in cipher arrived from the agent sent to Brierville. The results of his investigation were important.

The Donivons, he ascertained, had left the village. The water-cure was transformed into a summer boarding-house. In examining the room which Mr. St. Hellens had occupied while there, the detective discovered a closet built in the wall, which had been papered over this very spring. The papering was removed, and the closet found to be locked. The occupants of the house had found it so, and supposing it a dark, shallow set of shelves, as such closets usually are, had never taken the trouble to examine it. Upon opening the door, however, it proved to be quite deep, and upon one of the dusty shelves the detective discovered a small silver cup, marked "St. Hellens," and within it a tiny, empty phial.

Mr. Blinck at once subpoenaed Robert Hylder and Dr. Richards, and awaited the detective's return with his trophies. By this time but little doubt remained in his mind that Simon was the perpetrator of the murder, and he began eagerly, but secretly, to search for the motives which could have prompted him. What were his antecedents—who his friends—what his temperament? became important queries. By Mr. St. Hellens's death he had lost a kind, liberal employer; what object could he have had in plotting his death? Palpably no personal object! and moreover, none of recent date—for the deed had been long accomplished.

The most exhaustive inquiries were instituted, and before the detective's return, the history of the mulatto's life was on Mr. Blinck's tongue's tip.

The cup and phial found in the closet at Brierville were placed in his hands without having been freed from the cobwebs and dust which had settled upon them. Removing these with his own hands, the lawyer's satisfaction was keen to find the gold lining of the cup much corroded. He carried it at once to a chemist, who had no hesitation in pronouncing the corrosion to be by the action of the same poison which Dr. Jarves declared to have caused Mr. St. Hellens's death.

With his brain continually busied, Mr. Blinck caused a surveillance to be kept over Simon, who remained in the city, showing no disposition to avoid it, and upon the appointed morning the case was again brought forward.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE DEFENSE.

The court-room was thronged, and every eye turned toward Madeline as she entered, attended by Mr. Blinck and Cyril. Her face was carved into a rigid hopelessness; her eyes, lusterless and

vacant, were fixed before her, careless of what they rested on. She took her seat, and her hands dropped listlessly into her lap. Her deep mourning enhanced her peculiar pallor.

The testimony against her was hastily summed, the counsel for the prosecution sat down, and a few moments of deadly silence prevailed. Mr. Blinck sat with his chin resting on his hand, and his expression was ominously grave. It was not until the judge signified to him that he was ready for the examination of the witnesses for the defense, that he moved.

Rising with a flash of resolution upon his face, he turned toward the jurors and began, in a clear, almost an impassioned voice:

"The first witness to whose testimony I shall appeal this morning, gentlemen, is God's daylight! Pardon me if I premise the examination by declaring that its mute and marvelous evidence is to clear my client from every suspicion of guilt."

Mr. Blinck paused and cast a keen look around him. There was an agitated, expectant movement among the audience.

"You, gentlemen of the prosecution," he continued, "with narrow and formal frivolities, have brought forward the shadows and negations of guilt, and heaped them so high in the balance against innocence that you have thought to turn the scale. Behold! I dissolve your weights."

Mr. Blinck lifted from the table before him and held at arm's-length a photograph, in which there appeared nothing remarkable, except that the lights and shadows were clearly opposed.

"Here," he said, "is the most legible testimony—in the handwriting of light—by which I transfer the charge of murder!"

There was a slight stir of remonstrance. Some one of the opposing counsel brought forward an objection.

"I plead for a life," said Mr. Blinck, with an air of grave submissive decorum. "Am I denied a hearing by the court?"

The objection which had been urged was overruled. The lawyer proceeded:

"It is claimed that the late Henri St. Hellens came to his death by poison; that his imbecile condition during several years was the result of the same agent, and that my client was the only party interested in and having the opportunities for accomplishing the crime. But I will prove to you that partial failure of the faculties occurred to Mr. St. Hellens at different periods, and for a longer or shorter interval during two months preceding his acquaintance with my client; and, agreeing with the scientific witnesses that his abnormal condition was the result of poisoning, and that the poison causing the singular attack of mental and bodily prostration which he experienced on the day of his marriage with the accused was on that day administered, I will show you the murderer engaged in his work."

Mr. Blinck handed the photograph, with lenses appropriate for magnifying the scene, to the foreman of the jury, the judge, and others.

"Here is a record of the proceedings which took place in Mr. St. Hellens's room the morning prior to his marriage. Here is the cup from which it is remembered he habitually drank the stimulant he was in the habit of taking. It is corroded by poison. Here is the match to it, from his liqueur-case, likewise, though in less degree corroded, owing, probably, to the fact that it was scrupulously cleaned after being used, while the cup depicted in the photograph was placed uncleansed in a closet, which, strangely enough, was locked on the morning of Mr. St. Hellens's marriage, and never opened till now. Many of you will recognize the victim in this dim picture taken of him unaware. All of you may recognize the man who is represented preparing the draught which was to enfeeble his body and cloud his mind forever;" and Mr. Blinck pointed to Simon, who, as concerted, was at this moment led into court. "And since, throughout this case, the existence of motive has been allowed such unprecedented weight, I will, in a word, reveal to you the motive which has influenced this unsuspected murderer. *He is a fanatic!* and that he has worked successfully for the order whose tool and devotee he is, the will of the deceased conclusively proves."

Simon came forward, as calm and inflexible as ever; only, as he caught Madeline's eye, his expression clouded a moment, and then regained the species of exaltation which characterized it.

"What do you say for yourself?" the judge inquired, as he stood of his own accord before him.

the resolve he had made. Seeing this, I set a seal upon his volition and rendered him incapable of retrogression."

These cold words fell upon the horror-stricken silence of the room. Men and women looked at each other in dismay.

"But," continued the judge, "with this fearful purpose in your heart, how were you able to act the part of a faithful, attached attendant?"

The mulatto smiled grimly.

"That was part of my discipline," he answered.

There was no further need of Mr. Blinck—no cause for a charge or a verdict. The judge made a few remarks, with some sympathetic allusions to Mrs. St. Helens and references to the singular termination of her trial.

The crowd excitedly dispersed, and Cyril hurried Madeline as unobtrusively as possible to a carriage and away from the scene.

Then, for the first time since her arrest, the lines of her face relaxed, and she abandoned herself to a passionate, womanish burst of tears.

CHAPTER XVII.—RESOLVED.

A FEW days of grateful rest followed the strain and tension of the past six months, and then Madeline began to look toward the future.

"You shall never leave me, Madeline," Cyril said one night when she referred to this.

She smiled, but in a shuddering sort of way.

"I must go away," she answered, "from all these scenes—even from you and Isa—for a time. Everything associated with what has passed sickens me."

"You do not hate us, Madeline?" asked the young man, with a terrible fear shooting through his heart.

"No, Cyril," she answered, in a cold, dreary tone.

"But what do you mean?" he asked, with agitation. "Why do you look so? Madeline! you have not changed!"

A perplexed, tired look settled upon her face.

"Yes," she said, slowly. "I think I have changed."

"You make me miserable," he said, gloomily, and was silent.

She gazed abstractedly from the window by which she sat. Presently he came to her.

"Madeline, I must ask you—pardon me—but I am so unhappy—oh, my darling! do you not love me?"

She raised her eyes slowly, sadly, to his.

"Oh, Cyril, how can we think of loving one another?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She passed her hand across her forehead.

"There has been so much that was terrible and repulsive," she murmured.

"And it has changed your feelings toward me!"

"I do not know. I want to get away."

He did not attempt to remonstrate.

"Where will you go, Madeline?"

"You know," she said, "I shall have very little money left when these expenses are paid. I must go where I can find some work to do."

"But I will not have you work," Cyril replied, impulsively. "At least you will let me take care of you."

"No, Cyril."

"But you will let me know where you stay. Madeline? You will let me come and see you?"

"Yes. I will write you when the time comes. Perhaps then you will not care to come," she added, with a vacant smile.

And there she wronged him. But he was too passionate—to proud, to plead further.

There was a long, gloomy silence, and a depression almost like that which had been settled over them.

A day or two after, when Cyril bade Madeline good-by, he said:

"I, too, shall leave New Orleans to-morrow."

"You will!"

"Yes. It is no place for a poor man—no place for me, anyhow."

She did not reply.

"You will write to me, Madeline—when you want me?"

"Yes, Cyril."

* * * * *

A year later, from a small, bright room, in which odd suggestion of systematic labor mixed with tokens of refined pursuits, Madeline wrote:

"Cyril—Once I left you. If you have said, 'Let that suffice,' I have nothing of which to complain. When I came away my soul was sick unto death from the air it had breathed; I could not tarnish my feeling for you by exposure to the taint around me. Now, the atmosphere in which I live and labor is pure. If you will, Cyril, come to me! But first realize me: My old ambitions and tastes are dead. To-day I would not disturb a thrush's nest to find a treasure. My life is opulent with its work. I am never idle and always free. I know nothing of the circumstances or party you are in. You may have taken hold of life as I have; you may have stooped for wealth—but I do not believe it. If you will, I repeat, you may come."

MADELINE ST. HELENS."

There is a farm of broad, wealthy acres which slopes toward the edge of a thriving Western town. The farm-house is low and brown; the October sunshine sifts down upon it through branches that are loaded with flame-cheeked apples. On one side the spacious door-yard is flanked by a lane, on the other by a long grape arbor, on which wonderful, misty, purple clusters bend their slight stems, ripening with their absorption of light. It is a plain, comfortable place, and it is the happy home of Madeline and Cyril St. Helens.

As the keen-aired autumn afternoon wanes, Madeline opens the door of the house, and wrapping a little shawl about her, walks impatiently down to the gate, forgetting to notice the gay clumps of chrysanthemums which are making the most of the last days of their reign brilliant with bloom on either side of the walk.

Her face is open, happy—hardly brilliant any more. The breeze tosses about the abundant hair that droops from the comb, and blows a stray lock before her eyes. She puts it away, looking steadily down the road, with the light in her eyes which women have when they are watching for a man they love.

Presently a little smile ripples across her lips. Charley, trotting rapidly along the road, pricks his ears and quickens his gait, catching sight of the familiar gables of the barn, while Madeline swings open the lane gate to admit him.

At the turn Cyril throws down the reins, and jumps out of the buggy, leaving Charley to follow his instinct and his way. Cyril is handsome still—not Lotte Verrill's epitome of elegance, for he is sunburnt and careworn, but handsome with the manliness and intellect that have wakened in his face.

"It feels like frost," he said, drawing his wife's hand within his arm; "your hand is cold as ice, dear; you shouldn't have stood out here without something thicker about you;" in that tone of fault-finding which makes fault-finding so pleasant, and chafing the numb little hand within his own.

"I was in such a hurry to see if you weren't coming, and so busy till the last minute mixing the waffles for Betty, that I caught up the first thing that came," Madeline answers, with a look that is conscious of being very silly and very happy.

And so with lingering love-looks into each other's eyes—with all the scars of that torturing time smoothed from their faces, which are steady and placid and trusting, they go into the house together.

ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.

But about ten years ago one of the many sepulchral caves near Saida, the ancient Zidon, was opened by chance, and a sarcophagus of black syenite was discovered. Its lid represented the form of a mummy with the face of a man. Twenty-two lines of neatly cut Phoenician ran round his chest, and a placid inscription, an abbreviation of the former, round his neck. This sarcophagus, the age of which has been variously conjectured as belonging from the eleventh down to the fourth century B. C., is now in the Louvre. The beginning of the larger inscription reads, literally translated, as follows:

"In the month of Bul, the fourteenth year of my reign, I, King Ashmaneser, King of the Sidonians, son of King Tabnit, King of the Sidonians. Spake King Ashmaneser, King of the Sidonians, saying: I have been stolen away before my time—a son of the flood of day. The whilom Great is dumb, the Son of God is dead. And I rest in this grave, even in this tomb, in the place which I have built. My adoration to all the Ruling Powers and men: Let no one open this resting-place, nor search for treasure, for there is no treasure with Us; and let him not bear away the couch of My rest, and not trouble Us in this resting-place by disturbing the couch of My slumbers." * * * For all men who should open the tomb of my rest, or any man who should carry away the couch of My rest, or any one who trouble me on this couch, unto them there shall be no rest with the departed; they shall not be buried in a grave, and there shall be to them neither son nor seed. * * * There shall be unto them neither root below, nor fruit above, nor honor among the living under the sun." * * *

Magnificent curses these, and grandly Semitic!

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS is reported in his "Prison Life" to have speculated as follows on the future of the negroes and the South:

"The land will not pass to any great extent from its proprietors. They will lease it for a few years to men with capital, and then resume working it themselves, or sell portions of it with the same object, not materially decreasing their own possessions. When the country is quiet and the profits of the crop come to be known, there will be a rush Southward from the sterile New England regions and from Europe, only equalled by that to California on the discovery of gold. Men will not stay in the mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire, cultivating little farms of iron fifty to a hundred acres, only yielding them some few hundreds a year profit for incessant toil, when the rich lands of the South, under skies as warm and blue as those of Italy, and with an atmosphere as exhilarating as that of France, are thrown open at a dollar and a half to three dollars per acre. The water-power of the South will be brought into use by this new immigration, and manufactures will spring up in all directions, giving abundant employment to all classes. The happy agricultural state of the South will become a tradition; and, with New England's wealth, New England's grasping avarice and evil passions will be brought along."

The conclusion in this last sentence follows oddly and unexpectedly from the premises given in the sentence before, and we may hope that "abundant employment for all classes" will not ultimately be found inconsistent with a happy agricultural state."

THE South evidently does not intend to allow its history to be written by its opponents during the war, and evidently intends to consume the share of paper and ink of which it was deprived by an "inefficient blockade" and lack of manufactures. Thus, Basil Duke, chief of staff to the somewhat noted John Morgan, is writing the life of that chieftain. Mr. Eaton Cook proposes to publish, shortly, "A Full and Reliable Record of the Noble Actions of Southern Women—their Charities, Self-Sacrifice, and Heroic Courage and Devotion—during the Trying Scenes of the late War." General Lee, it is said, is revising, for publication, the "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States, by Colonel Henry Lee," his son. Mr. J. W. Jones is writing "The Religious History of the Army of Northern Virginia." General Early will soon publish an octavo pamphlet of one hundred pages, giving a narrative of his operations during the last year of the war, including his services with Lee from the Rapidan to the James, his raid into Maryland, and his campaign against Sheridan—or, rather, Sheridan's campaign against him. And, finally, General Wheeler is writing a book, giving a history of the operation of the cavalry force under his command during the war.

In the way of contemplated literary and other periodicals, we find that Rev. Moses D. Hoge and Mr. Wm. Brown propose to issue, on October 15, the first number of the Richmond *Electric Magazine*. It will be a monthly, and will be devoted to religion and literature. Mr. Giles M. Hillyer, of Natchez, Miss., proposes *The Southern Mason*, which it is intended shall be a monthly magazine; Albert Pike will be one of the editors. A literary and musical fortnightly paper, to be called *The Firende*, is soon to be published at Lynch-

burg, Va., by Captain C. G. De Nordendorf. Miss Evans, of Mobile, has a novel in course of publication by Carlton, of this city. This lady recently wrote to a literary association of young men, saying: "The deplorable paucity of public libraries at the South has materially retarded the intellectual development of our people, and the successful accomplishment of your admirable scheme is, indeed, a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The result of the war in Europe has been the following accession of territory and population to Prussia: Hanover, 698 German square miles, 1,923,492 inhabitants, according to census December, 1864; Electoral Hesse, 174 German square miles, 845,063 inhabitants; Nassau, 26 German square miles, 468,311 inhabitants; Frankfort, 2 German square miles, 51,180 inhabitants—making together 259 square miles, and 3,228,046 souls. The kingdom of Prussia proper consists of 5,056 square miles, with a population of 19,552,139; thus giving a grand total of 6,017 German square miles, and 22,480,185 inhabitants now belonging to the Prussian monarchy. The territory of Venetia, given up to Italy, comprises, according to official accounts, nine provinces, with their capitals, eighty-three districts, 844 communes, and 2,435,989 inhabitants.

PROFESSOR WOOD, of California, a botanist of some eminence, sums up the results of his inquiries into the flora of his State, as follows: "Summing up my trophies, I find specimens of fourteen hundred and ninety species of flowering plants now in my herbarium, strictly Californian, i.e., spontaneously growing here. How many of these are new to science cannot be known until after a thorough comparison of all the botanical publications heretofore issued by Congress, the Smithsonian Institute, by the scientific societies, by the reports of foreign voyagers to these coasts, etc., a study yet awaiting my leisure at home."

CABLE COLUMN.

The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed a bill to indemnify the King for acting without their assent, in providing for the budget and army supplies, previous to the war with Austria.

The Chamber of Deputies at Berlin has authorized an issue of treasury notes to the amount of thirty millions of thalers, payable in one year.

Extensive reforms are shortly to be commenced in the organization of the Austrian army, and active measures have been taken for the improvement of telegraph and postal intercourse with Italy.

The Queen of Spain recently visited the Empress Eugenie at Biarritz, and it is reported that the object of their conference was political in its nature.

The Sultan of Turkey has decided to establish an Embassy at Washington, in order to be in diplomatic communication with the United States, and will select an influential member of his Government to proceed thither as Minister Resident and Plenipotentiary.

The immense armies of both Austria and Prussia are immediately to be placed upon a peace footing.

The Turkish army is to be supplied entirely with carbines of American manufacture, in consequence of the successful results of recent experiments with such arms, and agents are soon to be dispatched to this country to make the necessary contracts with our manufacturers.

It is reported in Paris that the Emperor Maximilian is expected to return from Mexico to Europe by the next steamer.

Russia again shows signs of attempting to obtain control of the Danubian Principalities, and eventually of Constantinople, in pursuance of a long cherished policy.

The Great Eastern, having successfully accomplished the work of recovering the cable of 1865 and connecting it with the station at Heart's Content, left there for Liverpool on the 9th inst.

BOOK NOTICES.

MR. WINFIELD: A Novel of New York Life. New York: The American News Company, Nassau Street.

The American News Company has become quite a publishing house, and it must be confessed their skill in selecting their volumes is very great; the result is that, with scarcely an exception, their ventures are genuine successes. The novel before us has also the merit of being an American novel, written by an American author, and published by an American firm. As it will doubtless be read by Americans, we can endorse it on truly national grounds. Some of the chapters are very amusing, especially that detailing the events of the 4th of July, and the Sunday-school picnic, which turns out to be a prize-fight affair. There is a careless, Dickensy power about some of the scenes, which we should like to see developed in a work of more general interest.

PASTIMES WITH MY LITTLE FRIENDS. By MARTHA HADLEY BUTT BENNETT. New York: G. W. Carleton.

This is a charming book, by a charming writer, and most charmingly bound in purple cloth, and golden lettered. It cannot fail to be popular with the young, for whom it was expressly written. We recommend every mother to present this beautiful volume to her children.

RESOLVES OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF SOUTHERN LOYALISTS.

1. Resolved, That the loyal people of the South cordially unite with the loyal people of the North in thanksgiving to Almighty God, through whose will a rebellion, unparalleled for its causelessness, its cruelty and its criminality, has been overruled to the vindication of the supremacy of the Federal Constitution over every State and Territory of the Republic.

2. Resolved, That we demand now, as we have demanded at all times since the cessation of hostilities, the restoration of the States in which we live to their old relations with the Union on the simplest and easiest conditions consistent with the protection of our lives, property and political rights, now in jeopardy from the unquenched enmity of rebels lately in arms.

3. Resolved, That the unhappy policy of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, is, in its effects upon the loyal people of the South, unjust, oppressive and intolerable, and accordingly, however evidently we desire to see our respective States once more represented in the Congress of the nation, we would deplore their restoration on the inadequate conditions prescribed by the President, as tending not to abate, but only to magnify the perils and sorrows of our condition.

4. Resolved, That the welcome we have received from the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, under the roof of the time-honored hall in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, inspires us with an animating hope that the principles of just and equal government, which were made the foundation of the Republic at its origin, shall become the corner-stone of the Constitution.

5. Resolved, That, with pride in the patriotism of Congress, with gratitude for the fearless and persistent support they have given to the cause of loyalty, and their efforts to restore all the States to their former condition as States in the American Union, we will stand by the positions taken by them, and use all means con-

tent with a peaceful and lawful course to secure the ratification of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States as proposed by Congress at its recent session, and regret that the Congress in its wisdom did not provide by law for the greater security of the loyal people in the States not yet admitted to representation.

6. Resolved, That the political power of the Government of the United States in the administration of public affairs is, by its Constitution, confided to the popular or law-making department of the Government.

7. Resolved, That the political status of the States lately in rebellion to the United States Government, and the rights of the people of such States are political questions, and are therefore clearly within the control of Congress, to the exclusion of, and independent of any and every other department of the Government.

8. Resolved, That there is no right, political, legal or constitutional, in any State to secede or withdraw from the Union; but they may, by wicked and unauthorized revolutions and force, sever the relations which they have sustained to the Union, and when they do, they assume the attitude of public enemies at war with the United States; they subject themselves to all the rules and principles of international law, and the laws of war applicable to belligerents, according to modern usage.

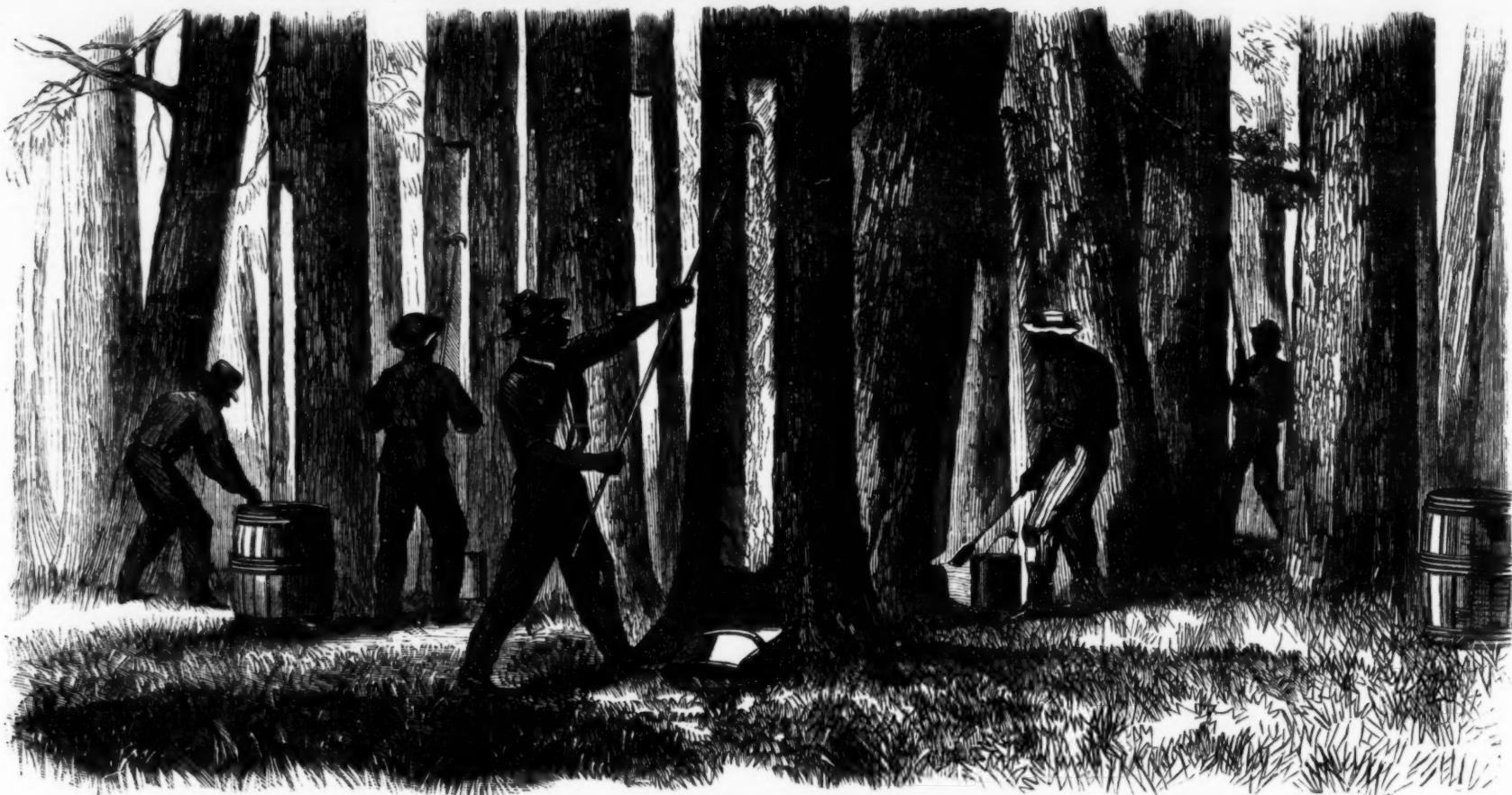
9. Resolved, That we are unalterably in favor of the union of the States, and earnestly desire the legal and speedy restoration of all the States to their proper places in the Union, and the establishment in each of them of influences of patriotism and justice, by which the whole nation shall be combined to carry forward triumphantly the principles of freedom and progress, until all men of all races shall, everywhere beneath the flag of our country, have accorded to them freely all that their virtues, industry, intelligence and energy may entitle them to attain.

10. Resolved, That the organizations in the unrepresented States assuming to be State Governments, not having been legally established, are not legitimate governments until recognized by Congress.

11. Resolved, That we cherish with tender hearts the memory of the virtues, patriotism, sublime faith, upright Christian life and generous nature of the Martyr-President, Abraham Lincoln.

12. Resolved, That we are in favor of universal liberty the world over, and feel the deepest sympathy with the oppressed people of all countries in their struggle for freedom, and the right of all men to decide and control for themselves the character of the

TURPENTINE MANUFACTURE IN THE SOUTHERN



COLLECTING THE CRUDE TURPENTINE.

TURPENTINE, AND HOW IT IS OBTAINED.

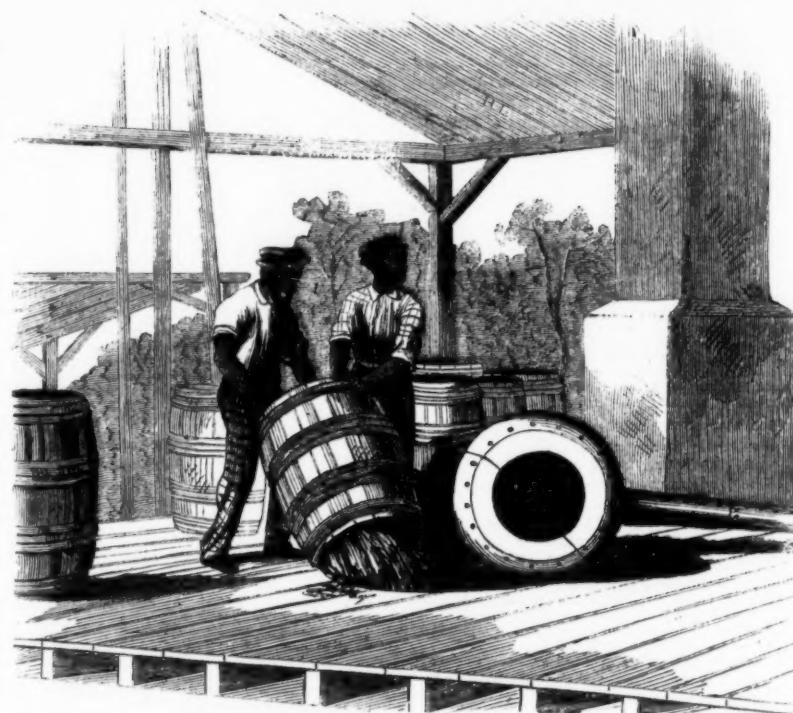
ALONG the Atlantic coast, from New Jersey to Florida, there is a belt of sandy land, varying in width and covered with forests of pine, that are the source of supply for one of the important products of American industry. In Carolina and Georgia this belt extends inland from fifty to one hundred miles, is an almost unvarying level, except where intersected by streams, and though barren of agricultural products, is yet by no means a poor and desolate region. It is here the turpentine and tar of commerce are obtained, and these immense forests, apparently interminable, aside from the valuable timber they afford, yield such quantities of naval stores, as to be the scene of lively industry and successful enterprise.

The turpentine plantations usually embrace several hundred acres, which are cultivated by the owners, or leased out to others, at a certain rate per thousand boxes. The boxes are small cavities, cut in the trunk of the tree, as near the ground as possible, each box containing about a quart of crude turpentine. From two to four boxes are formed in each trunk, according as it is larger or smaller.

This work is done in January and February, before the sap begins to run, and is accomplished by an ax, shaped so as to produce a concave form to the box.

At intervals of a few days, through the season, the workmen cut away a small portion of the bark, above the boxes, with a concave gouge, called a scraper; and this process is continued, year after year, until the tree is peeled to the height of twenty or thirty feet, when it ceases, from the inability of the laborer to reach any higher.

As soon as this bark is taken off the sap runs down into the receptacle. It takes from five to seven weeks for a box to fill. As soon as the box fills, the turpentine is scooped out and put into a bucket. Each laborer has a bucket and goes around to the different trees until his bucket is full, and then he empties it into barrels for the purpose. About September the sap stops running, and the season is over. During a year, or season, each box will yield at least six quarts of turpentine. The first year's product is called "virgin dip," and is



CHARGING THE STILL WITH THE CRUDE TURPENTINE.

the most valuable, on account of the excellent quality of the rosin it makes.

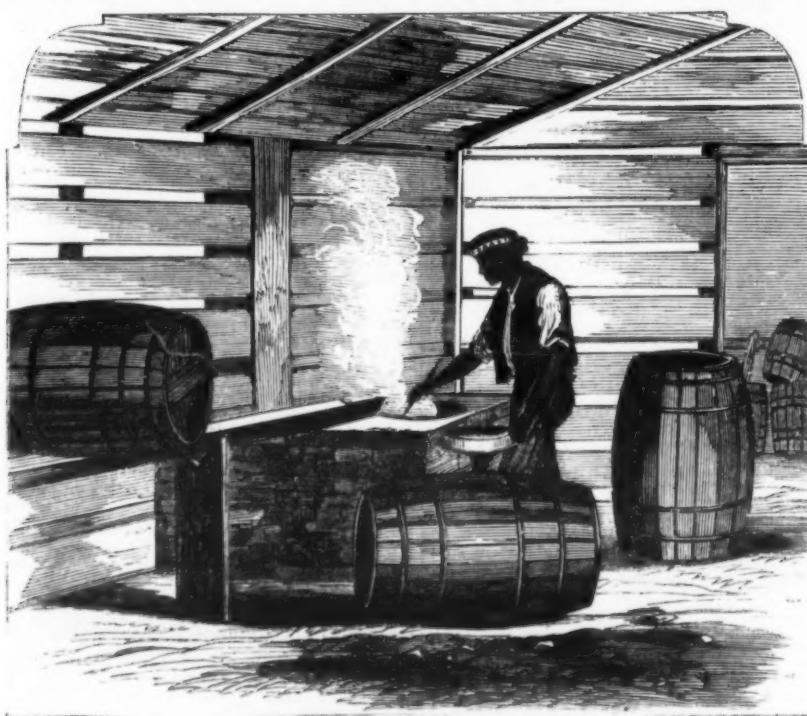
During the second and subsequent years the sap becomes insipid, forming a white incrustation on the

peeled surface of the tree, and not running down into the boxes. It is then removed by being scraped off with a thin, narrow blade of wood. Men and boys go around from tree to tree with a cart containing barrels, and gather the turpentine from the boxes as often as they are filled. This crude material is now ready for distillation, which is the next step in the course of manufacture.

A turpentine still is rather a rude and primitive affair, as usually constructed, consisting mainly of a large boiler, holding from six to ten barrels, built in a brick-work furnace, and connected by a pipe to a worm or condenser.

The brick-work is built to the height of about ten feet. On the top is a platform, and the crude material is hoisted from the ground to the platform, and then emptied into the boiler. From this boiler there is an iron pipe about a foot in diameter, leading to a large wooden vat, standing alongside the still proper. The vat is more than half filled with water, which is necessary in case of fire. Connecting with the pipe from the boiler is another one constructed in a zig-zag manner and extending to the bottom of the vat. As soon as the boiler is filled with the crude turpentine the fire is started in the furnace and the liquid commences to boil. The turpentine arises in steam from this crude material. The steam rises and extends through one pipe into the vat. The water being heavier than the turpentine, the two will not mix, and the water goes to the bottom, while the turpentine remains at the top. At the bottom of the vat is a spout and a trough. After the water is run off, the turpentine descends and passes through to barrels placed underneath. The fluid is then ready for market. After boiling the crude turpentine until the steam ceases to ascend, the material in the bottom is called rosin. As soon as the turpentine ceases running the steam-pipes are taken off and the boiling rosin skimmed by means of a wire net attached to a long handle. This skimming is done for the purpose of taking all the dirt that collects with the turpentine while in the boxes of the trees. As soon as it is skimmed it is let off from the boiler, by means of a small pipe, to a large trough, where, after it cools, it is placed in barrels and ready for market also. This distillation of turpentine is very simple, but requires great care. Fire is the great danger.

While the spirits produced by distillation are of nearly uniform quality, there is a great difference in the value of the refuse, or rosin. Some is white and nearly transparent, some dark and of little value. In fact, immense

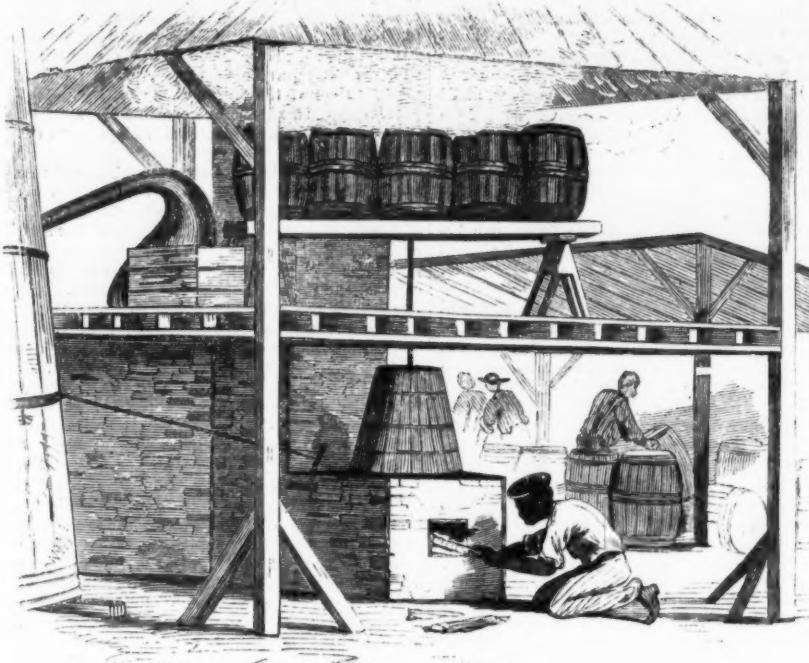


THE GLUE BOOM.



SPIRIT TUB—FILLING THE BARRELS.

STATES.—From Sketches by Jas. E. Taylor.

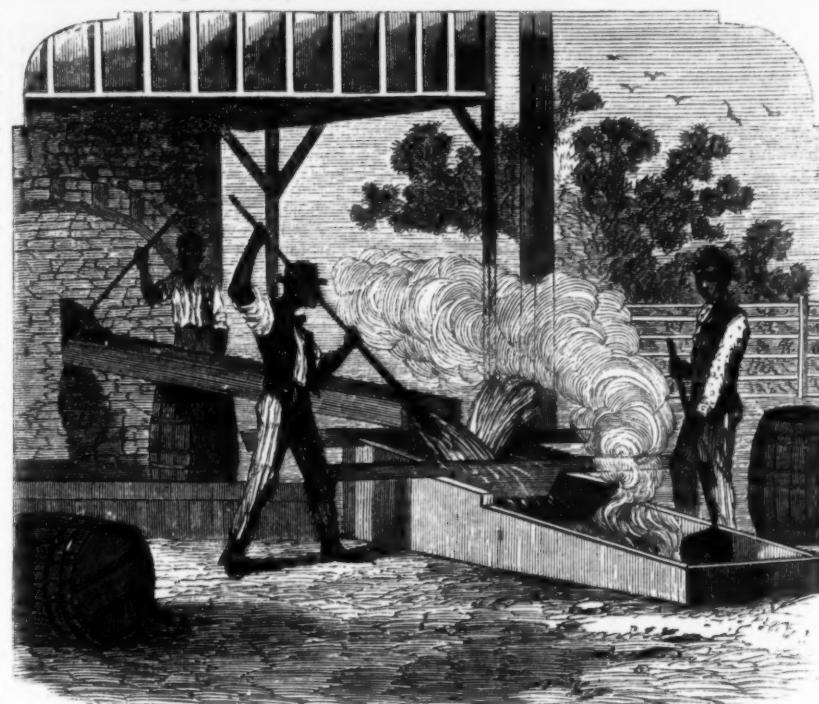


THE STEAMER.

quantities accumulate round every still, simply because it is not worth the cost of transportation, though if it were brought to market it might be used for a variety of purposes. Before the distilled turpentine is put into barrels they are coated with a preparation of glue, to prevent leakage. It is not usual to have a still

Wilmington, N. C., is the great centre of the turpentine trade. North Carolina, in fact, devotes more attention to this branch of industry than any other State, her whole eastern section being an immense pine region.

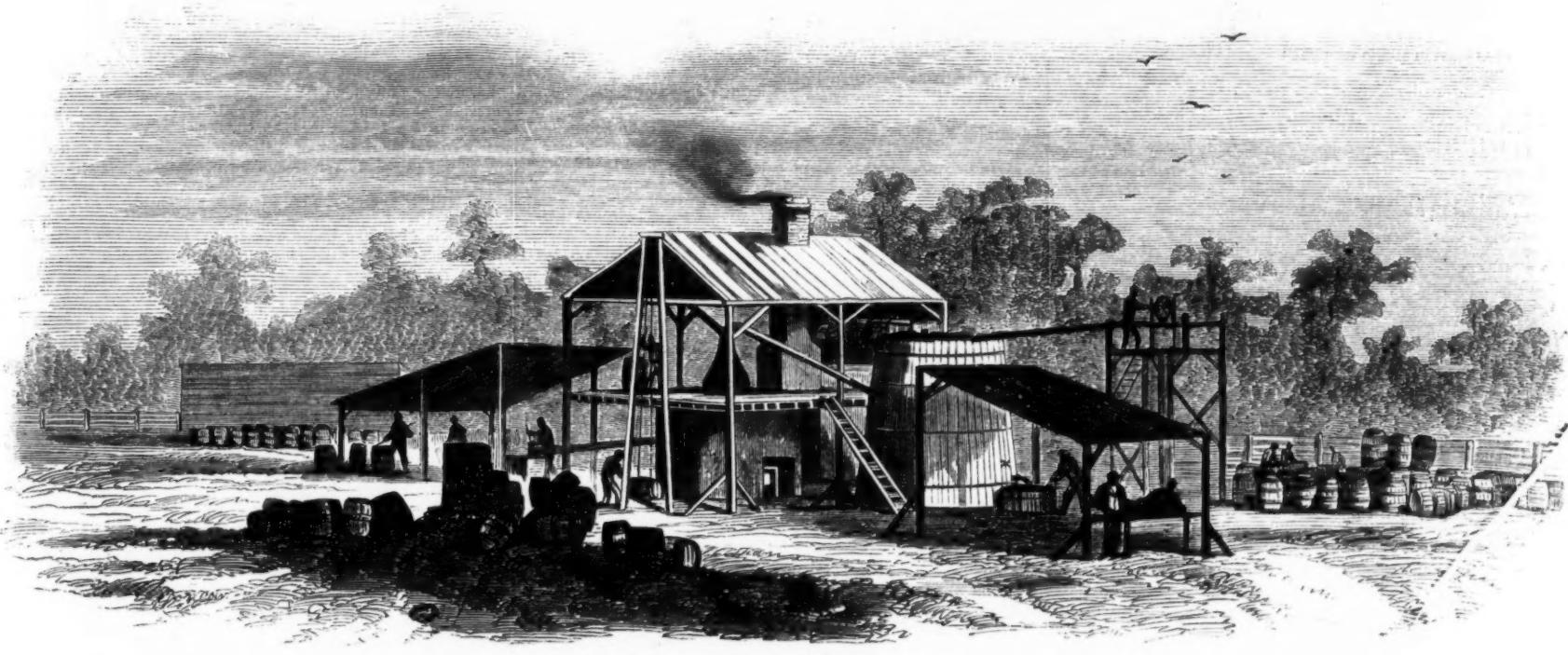
In our double-page illustrations we give a view of the various parts of the process, from gathering the crude



RUNNING OFF AND BARRELING THE ROSIN.

ducts to art and manufactures we will say nothing, as its many uses are well known. There are improved modes of obtaining it, which will prevent the great waste of the present system, and tend to increase the supply and diminish the price of this necessary article, but our sketch shows the one now commonly used.

Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Linnaeus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last



A TURPENTINE DISTILLERY AT WILMINGTON, N. C.

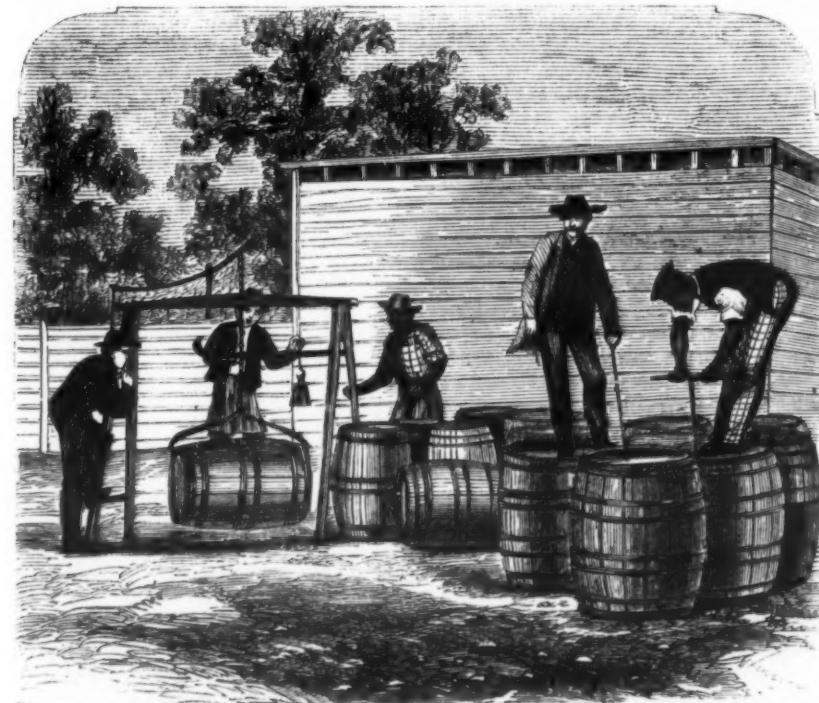
on each plantation, as one kept constantly running could hardly be supplied by a single cultivator. The general practice is for several parties to carry the raw product to the still, selling it at a stipulated price, or paying so much per gallon for the spirits distilled.

turpentine to barreling the pure spirits. As a branch of important industry, our readers will be interested in understanding its principal features, which we have here grouped together.

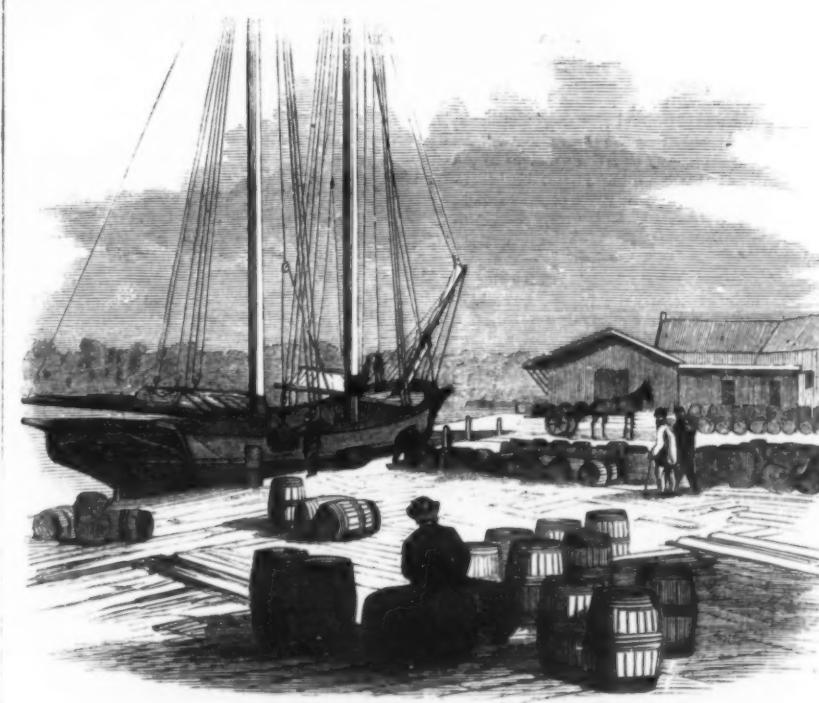
Of the importance of turpentine and its kindred pro-

MARRIAGE OF EMINENT PERSONS.—"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents: Adam and Eve, 0; Shakespeare, 18; Ben Jonson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26;

time, 120. If Adam and Eve married before they were a year old, and the veteran Park buckled with a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.



INSPECTING AND WEIGHING.



A TURPENTINE AND ROSIN DEPOT ON CAPE FEAR RIVER, N. C.—LOADING UP.

A LEGEND OF ULM.

BY HAROLD HENGE.

From the belfry of the minster in the stately town
of Ulm
Swung the clangor of the tocsin to the beating of
the drum,
And the old guards raised their halberds, and the
guilds their banners far,
When the League within the rath-haus woke the
signal note of war.

From gable-end to casement hung the boughs of
fir and yew,
And maidens' eyes like berries dashed their
changeable radiance through;
And warlike burghers thought of raid, and youthful
hearts beat high,
When Frondsberg and his belted knights in their
nodding plumes passed by.

One raised a goblet brimmed with wine to his
barret's bar of steel:
"Here's to the piebald flag of Ulm, to it in woe
or weal!"
He cried, and quaffed, when a lily hand, from a
palfrey's rein did pass,
And the spilled wine fell on his black boot-flaps,
and reddened his cuirass.

The hand that sought the belted thigh fell nerveless on the blade,
And his brow's enrimed anger grew deeper in its shade,
For he saw a golden fleece of hair, and a fair
cheek's conscious shame,
And his bold lips in their gladness woke the echoes
with her name.

"What, ho! you tapster, fill again, and I will give
a toast,
"A fairer and a lordlier than all that Ulm can
boast."
She handed him the brimming cup, she bade him
drink aloud
To Wurtemburg the exiled, Duke Ulerich the
proud.

Before stout George von Frondsberg and all his
stalwart train
He drank the toast in all the wine, and shouted it
again,
"For what," he cried, and dashed the cup right
in the crowded square,
"Are solemn league and treaty sworn to a lady
half so rare!"

THE SERPENT AND THE CROWN.

PART FIRST.—THE STUDENT.

Lear.—"I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study?"
Edgar.—"How to prevent the fiend."
King Lear—Shakespeare.

I, who write this strange and startling narrative, am by profession a physician. Though now well stricken in years, my mind is still clear and vigorous, and I have never been afflicted with any malady in the slightest degree affecting the brain, I state this fact now, because that which I am about to record might easily be considered, by the unreflective, as the emanation of a deceased imagination, or, indeed, the raving of confirmed insanity. That the circumstances I am about to relate actually occurred, however, and that I have neither embellished nor added to them in any way, are averments upon the truth of which I am ready to stake my professional reputation and my honor as a man. Finally, I may add, that throughout my life I have been exceedingly skeptical as to all the new theories which have, of late years, crept into my profession, and that I have never adopted, or even countenanced, any one of them which could not be enforced by proof that was and is incontrovertible. The so-called science of mesmerism I have, above all others, scouted—said that I have examined thoroughly and carefully into its claims and proofs, the only result being that I was forced to deny to it the degree of power which its blind proselyte claim. The singular facts which follow may, nevertheless, induce others to believe that which I still, conscientiously, deny. I believe only that the Omnipotent, "who moveth in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," hath not yet given to us weak mortals the wisdom to understand a tithe of the strange enigmas which are daily and hourly being developed before our eyes.

I first knew Andreas de Chastain when he was a young man of nearly twenty-four, and my acquaintance with him commenced through an introductory letter which he bore from a former partner of my own who was then established in practice in a neighboring city. The high terms in which this gentleman—a man whom I sincerely respected—wrote of the youth, gave me an interest in him at once, which was much increased as time developed his character. In consequence of this recommendation he entered my office as a student, and for three years continued with me.

Andreas de Chastain was the son of a noble Franco-Italian family which had been impoverished by one of the many ephemeral revolutions for which Italy had so long been notorious. With the wreck of a once noble fortune his parents had emigrated to the United States when he was still a child, and had resided in a Southern city until their deaths, which had occurred, almost simultaneously, about two years before he came to me. The pittance which had been left to him barely sufficed to maintain him as a gentleman, and ambitious to become something more than a mere drone in society, he determined to adopt

some profession, the practice of which might afford a chance of distinction. Medicine was finally decided upon, both from the advice of the few friends who still remained to him and because the natural bent of his mind inclined him to the pursuit of the difficult and abstruse. He had received an excellent primary education, though he had not passed through college, he as well read in classics and the sciences as if he had toiled through the usual curriculum.

I have referred to his natural inclination for mysteries and difficult problems. In this respect his character was indeed a study, and very soon after he came to me it grew to be the one great relaxation of my daily life to watch the development of this idiosyncrasy in him. His temperament, otherwise, was cheerful, his heart warm and kindly, and his feelings deep and strong, but both poetical and reverential. Upon the whole, he was a character that, once well-known, could not fail to attract the respect and even love of his intimates.

His greatest faults were a reticence which long intimacy only could overcome, and a strong bias of superstition that tintured his every thought. His peculiar descent and early education probably were in fault for this, but a nearer contact with the world failed to eradicate either evil, and he passed onward through life closely shut up within himself, and dreaming impossible dreams of direct Providential interference in the affairs of men, which, though he rarely disclosed even a glimpse of them to his nearest intimates, were none the less plainly to be perceived by their influence on his daily life.

Physically he was a noble specimen of manhood. Tall, erect, and finely formed, he had the grace of an Adonis, with the vigor of Achilles, and the endurance of Hercules. Brave even to a fault and athletic beyond ordinary men, he had performed feats which daunted others of apparently a far more powerful frame, and he excelled in all the graceful accomplishments which are the *sine qua non* of polite society. His complexion was a clear brunette, and his eyes and hair were of the hue of night.

One other attribute which he possessed—and this the most singular and important of all—remains to be mentioned, and the reader will have a clear idea of one whom I would call my hero if the epithet were not too puerile and hackneyed to express the idea of him that I would convey. Although, as I have remarked, I cannot allow that the so-called science of Mesmer possesses the complete power its advocates claim for it, yet I do not wish or mean to deny that the principle of magnetic attraction and force exists in the human body, and that it is capable of being highly developed and, in a measure, directed by the will. Numerous carefully conducted experiments have fully convinced me of this last fact, and also that special natures and temperaments possess the power of controlling and diffusing this force with a far greater degree of energy than others. Now, Andreas de Chastain was one of the most magnetic men—if I may use a forcible expression—that I have ever known. He possessed the power of attracting to himself the coldest natures, with scarcely an apparent effort, and the *impressions* that he sometimes produced, without intention, were absolutely wonderful. Often and often I have felt that his eye was upon me, without having looked at him, for many minutes, and I never saw the man whom he could not compel to lower his gaze by steadily fixing his own vivid glance upon his eyes.

Having presented the personage in whom the main interest of this record centres, with some detail, but no greater prolixity than was absolutely necessary to his correct appreciation, I now turn to the main task which I have set myself.

During the first two years of our intercourse we had gradually advanced from the formal relations of tutor and student to that of warm friendship. I think that, even then, there were few of his simple secrets which were unknown to me; for, though he was reticent to the generality of his acquaintance, he possessed the virtue of giving *perfect* confidence where he bestowed any. At the end of the term I have mentioned I stood to him more in the relation of a parent than a tutor, and I am sure he felt toward me as a loving son. I would sit for hours, motionless, in my little study, when the night had grown silent about us, listening mentally—though I am not an imaginative man—to his earnest voice, as he detailed the glorious yet impossible visions with which his aspiring mind was teeming. At first I endeavored to check the wildness of his superstition, but when I found that my cold reasoning made him sad, without abating the evil, and when I also saw that this dream-life rendered him none the less an honest and honorable man, I quietly dropped mere argument, and endeavored to lead his vague longings for a knowledge of the Unknown into the only channel where perfect rest is found—that of Religion.

For a time I thought I had succeeded, for mystic philosophy ceased to be as much his theme as formerly, but about the date I have mentioned I began to notice that he was falling back again into his old reticent manner, and was less ready to tell me his visionary fancies than for some time previously he had been. I sought, of course, to regain my place in his confidence, but he grew more and more reserved, and ere long I felt convinced that a new secret had come between us and possessed him entirely.

I cannot tell how much this conviction disturbed me. I had grown to love him so earnestly, I felt so positively that he was as dear to me as a son, that I dared not contemplate the estrangements which this growing distrust, if long continued, would too surely bring about. At last I ventured to reason with him upon the subject, but my loving experiment was a worse failure than I had dreaded. He grew moody and more silent than ever, and, to my inexplicable alarm, I saw that fear of me was added to his coldness. I did not dare to repeat the effort, and though we sat and read together in the little study as usual, there was an end to our

cordial conversations and the glorious dreams he so magnificently described.

How long this would have continued and to what result it would have led, I do not care to think. An accident at last broke the spell and rendered us closer friends than we had ever been. Six months had elapsed since our first estrangement, and I noticed that his cheek grew paler daily, his form diminished hourly from its former healthy roundness and grace. I felt, rather than knew, that a weighty care rested on his heart, and how I longed to relieve him and share the burden none but God can ever know.

One evening we were sitting together as usual in the cozy little study, at opposite sides of a small table which was drawn close to a cheerful fire. The night was cold and stormy, and the wailing wind swept past the casement with a mournful sound that rendered the contrast of the comfort of our small chamber doubly grateful. Andreas was reading, or endeavoring to read, a ponderous tome devoted to surgery; but I noticed with increasing pain that he was restless, inattentive and agitated. I watched him for some time, longing to confess and soothe, but I remembered my unfortunate experiment, and did not dare to speak.

At last he rose from the table and went to a small book-case in one corner where his private books and many other personal belongings were deposited. Reaching to a high shelf, he took down several parcels wrapped in white paper, and, apparently because the obscurity of the corner was too great to allow a proper examination, he brought them to the table. The largest package seemed to be the one he sought, and, returning the others to the book-case, he began slowly to undo the one he had selected. Dozing in my arm-chair, I still watched him through my half-closed lids with a fixity of interest scarcely warranted by the circumstances. Suddenly I saw him lift from the rustling paper an object that seemed to be a miniature in a frame, and, as he cast his eyes upon it, I beheld an expression of intense agony cross his features, his eye growing wild with mingled horror and pain. I was broad awake on the instant, but before I could gain my feet the picture dropped with a crash upon the table, and, sinking heavily into his chair, he buried his face between his palms and burst into a passionate flood of tears!

Astonished and bewildered, I gained his side in a moment, but for many minutes he made no reply to my heartfelt appeals that he would reveal to me the cause of his trouble. A wild, wailing moan, repeated at intervals, was at first all the response I could obtain, but finally the agony of his grief grew less, and in a trembling voice he bade me bear with him a moment and he would tell me all. Seating myself by his side, with his noble head resting upon my shoulder, I waited patiently until he grew calm, and then, in a kindly tone, I prayed him to confide his sorrow to one who would do everything in mortal power to alleviate it.

At last he spoke. Taking up the picture, he bade me look upon it and consider it well. It was the portrait of one of the loveliest women I have ever beheld, and from the great resemblance to Andreas, I hardly needed his broken words to convince me that it represented his mother. Underneath the picture, there was graven upon the frame, in letters of gold, the touching words of the loving request: "My son, give me thy heart." It was a beautiful thing, but in itself there was no explanation of the singular emotion I had witnessed. When he had entirely recovered his composure, however, he explained this in a manner entirely satisfactory.

"My dear mother," said he, in a trembling, broken voice, "gave me that picture but a few hours before her death. I had already followed my father to the grave only three days previous, and the solemnity of her manner, when she commanded me to obey the injunction written on its frame, and give my heart to the Saviour, for I would soon be without earthly protectors, has impressed the occasion on my mind as with letters of fire. I did not expect to see that picture when I opened the parcel, and it struck me as an omen and a divine command when the words so suddenly met my eye. Oh, my friend!—my second father!—you have seen that I am suffering, and I have coldly and selfishly wounded you by refusing you my confidence. You are as near and dear to me as any one on earth; you have sought to aid me in my trouble, or to share my pain, and I have wickedly denied you. These words that I have so unexpectedly met seem to me a warning from Heaven not to persist in my selfishly mad silence. Forgive me, then, my second father, and let me tell you all the fearful secret which has been concerning me."

These somewhat incoherent sentences led me directly to the truth. He had, indeed, been harassed by some momentous secret, which he had desired, but did not dare, to tell me. The unanticipated and sudden sight of his mother's picture when his mind was more than ever oppressed by his concealed sorrow, seemed, to his superstitious mind, a Providential omen, and the coincidence assumed the force of a command. I encouraged and calmed him as much as lay in my power, and gradually he grew sufficiently composed to speak connectedly. Resuming our former positions at the table, I disposed myself to listen, while, without circumlocution, he began as follows:

"Doctor Preston," said he, with a solemnity of tone that would in itself have riveted my attention, had I not already been deeply interested in all that concerned him—"Doctor Preston, you have done more for me than I could have deemed it possible three years since that any human being would ever do for me. Orphaned, and utterly alone in the world, you took me by the hand—nay, I am sure, into your heart—and you have saved me from misanthropy or worse. With my peculiar temperament, the faults of which I am perfectly cognizant of, I should have degenerated into a cynic or a madman; but your sympathy preserved me, and I have repaid it by a black in-

gratitude—the want of confidence where I should have had perfect trust. The veil is torn from my eyes, now, however, and I am determined to be perfectly open with you in future. As a beginning, I will state, concisely, the substance of the secret which, as you have observed, is preying on my mind. Doctor, the worst of my folly is"—and here he paused for a moment, continuing, at length, in a deep and almost mournful whisper—"I am in love!"

I stared at him in mute surprise. The violence of his former emotion and the solemnity of his exordium had led me to expect something utterly different—some tale, perhaps, of youthful excess, may, possibly of crime, though I shuddered to deem this possible—and when his concluding words fell upon my ear, the whole affair seemed so wonderfully like bathos, the anti-climax was so great, that I could not restrain a burst of merry laughter.

"Is that all, my dear boy?" I exclaimed, joyously. "Well, well, I might have known that love generally makes its converts miserable. Never fear but that we can surmount the obstacles. Tell me, then, who the young lady is, and—"

I paused suddenly, as if a thunderbolt had fallen on the table between us, for at that moment I caught sight of his face. The expression of utter agony, nay even of despair, which distorted every lineament of that beautiful countenance, convinced me instantly that I had been fearfully and woefully mistaken. This, then, was no case of youthful passion thwarted only by such obstacles as are common in the world. The secret was far deeper and graver than the mere words had led me to believe.

"For God's sake, my boy, what is this?" I exclaimed, in dire distress. "Have I not heard aright? For heaven's sake tell me all. Do not leave me in this agony of doubt!"

"It is my purpose to do so," he replied, in a voice that was guttural from its smothered intensity, and composing his features by an evident effort. "I shall tell you everything, but it is by no means an easy task."

He paused again, and seemed to be collecting his energies as if for a mighty conflict. In a few moments he apparently succeeded, and, fixing his eyes upon the blazing fire, as though he found it in a sympathetic auditor, he continued, in a clearer tone, as follows :

"Six months ago I first met my evil genius! You have long known the instinctive craving of my mind for the mysterious and supernatural; the strong tendency of my nature to search into the unexplained or unknown. You will not wonder, therefore, that when I heard, a few days before the time I have mentioned, of a singular personage who had lately established herself in the city as an adept in ancient magic, that my curiosity was strongly excited. I beg you to believe that I am not such a stupid fool as to run after a mere charlatan and impostor. Had it been an ordinary announcement by a commonplace person, I should have passed it by as I do the catch-penny advertisements of the knaves who pretend to astrology and clairvoyance. But this intelligence was given to me by Professor D—" (here he mentioned the name of one of the great lights of the scientific world)—"a man whom we both respect, and one who could never be suspected by the most malevolent of circulating the praises of a quack, or of falsifying, even in the most trifling particular, anything relating to science. His words were that he had seen this woman, had observed nothing vulgar or charlatan about her, and that he had seen her perform things—or rather, that certain results occurred through her agency—which he was utterly at a loss to explain, and which were, as far as he could decide, veritable miracles. None of the general laws of nature—or science, which amounts to the same thing—which were understood by him, or of which he had ever heard, would account for the results he had witnessed, and no pretension to mesmerism, spiritualism, or any other popular mystery, was made or alluded to, by the person who evidently brought these results about. He finally informed me that this singular woman made no charge for exhibiting her powers, that she stated she was possessed of independent wealth, and that having rediscovered the long forgotten secrets of Oriental magic, she merely desired to prove that she had done so to the scientific world. He ended by saying that a committee of the wisest and shrewdest professional men in the city were to meet at her house for a thorough investigation of the subject in three days, and, knowing my genius for such affairs, he invited me to be of the party."

Here I interrupted Andreas by expressing my wonder that I—who was so intimate with the most distinguished of my own and other professions—had never heard of this woman and her doings, which must have made much noise in the city.

"I can readily explain that," he answered, calmly; "the fact is that the whole matter has been kept a profound secret. Scarcely a dozen persons are acquainted with it yet, and I should never have known aught of it had not the friendship of Professor D—incited him to recollect my extraordinary talent for searching to the bottom everything that was strange. It has continued to be a secret, because the whole of us were so completely astounded and startled—not to say frightened—at what we witnessed (all of which was, and is, perfectly incomprehensible), that we decided not to reveal anything until every resource of investigation had been exhausted. The examination has been continued at intervals ever since, and we are no nearer the causes of the results we daily witness than at first. To do the woman justice, she appears to have no desire to have the thing known popularly, being quite content, as she says, that scientific men only should examine into it."

"You may be sure," he continued, after a short pause, apparently to recollect where he had left off in his narrative—"you may be sure that I accepted Professor D—'s invitation with eager-

ness, and on the appointed day I accompanied him to the rendezvous of the committee, which I found to consist of persons who were both practical and wise, and the last men in the world to be cajoled by an impostor. Should I mention their names you would coincide with me in this assertion. All the members having arrived, we proceeded together to the residence of the magicienne, with which title the committee had already jocularly honored her; the joke, however, was soon destined to become sober earnest.

"The house was in a retired street up-town, and was neat and unpretending in its external appearance, the interior being furnished simply, but with quiet elegance. On our arrival we were ushered into a handsome parlor by an ordinary feminine domestic, and in a few moments the lady we had come to meet entered the apartment.

"I cannot describe her, doctor, for my first impressions have been continually changing since I have known her, and even now I have no distinct appreciation of her appearance. That she is the most beautiful woman I have ever known I can conscientiously declare; and when I add that she seems to be in the prime of her first womanhood, I can add no more. *Seems* to be in her youth, I say, because her wonderful knowledge of the world's past history would lead even a skeptic to believe that she was immortal, and had existed in human form since the deluge.

"She met us with quiet self-possession, and the usual introductions and other nothings of society having been duly performed, she, in a few well-chosen words, placed the house and all in it at our service, and desired that we would proceed with the investigation, with any precautions and in any manner we wished. Thanking her for this courtesy, our president advised that a thorough search of the house should be made, in order to guard ourselves against collusion or other deception. She smiled rather sarcastically when this was proposed, but made no objection, and leaving her in the drawing-room with two of our number, the rest of us proceeded to execute our singular task. I do not think that a more thorough examination of a building could have been made. From roof to cellar every nook and corner was scrutinized. The walls were all carefully sounded and accurately measured, so that no double partitions or secret hiding-places could have escaped us. The windows, doors, stairs, and floors, from which the carpets had been taken, as if in anticipation of our action, were all thoroughly examined, and even the chimneys and common cupboards were tested.

"Nothing rewarded our most patient search, however; no trap-doors, no false partitions, no secret closets, and among the furniture nothing that approached to optically-illusory machinery or scientific apparatus. The house was an ordinary house; the furniture, ordinary household stuff, and nothing more.

"Our first fright was received immediately after our search was ended. Beginning at the cellars, we had proceeded regularly to the attics, and were returning to the parlor, when, just as the party reached the landing, at the head of the second flight of stairs, the progress of the leading persons was suddenly arrested by something that seemed to be a bar or rail extending across the passage, but which was totally invisible! I was one of the foremost, and felt it distinctly, and while we were all crowded together by the abrupt check, I also perceived a pale, shadowy, faintly luminous form, resembling a woman in a shroud, swiftly ascending the staircase with a gliding, undulating motion, that assimilated to the flight of a large bird! It approached with more rapidity than an ordinary ascent of the stairs could be accomplished. As it neared us, the invisible barrier fell away, and, without pausing, it appeared to glide through, rather than between, the bodies of our party, finally disappearing in the gloom behind us!

"Nearly all the persons with me saw it distinctly, and after one frightened exclamation of 'What is that?' from some one whose voice I did not recognize, I heard Doctor R——'s rough tones ejaculating:

"By heavens, De Chastain, whatever it was, it went right through you!"

"After one perturbed glance in each other's faces, we continued our descent to the parlor in solemn silence. We found our two companions who had been left with our hostess looking rather pale and ill at ease, but she was gracefully reclining in a large arm-chair, and was as cool and composed as ever. She merely bowed when our spokesman announced that we had examined the whole house, and looked on with indolent curiosity while we as thoroughly examined the walls and furniture of this parlor. This task being finished, she spoke for the first time since we re-entered the room, inviting us to be seated so that we could all observe her, and when we had done so, she addressed us as follows:

"Gentlemen, as learned and scientific men, you must be well aware that the ancient magi, among the forefathers of the now effeminate and worn-out nations of the East, possessed certain secrets relating to the occult forces of nature, which rendered those forces obedient to them, and enabled them to produce results which would now be called miracles. This knowledge—for it was nothing less than a more complete development of that which you call science—has long been lost to mankind, hidden among the arcana which mortals will never discover. I profess to have rediscovered a large proportion of the wonderful knowledge. How I have done so I cannot explain, nor would you understand me if I attempted it. Suffice it to say that, possessing these secrets, I am able to do many things for which the boasted science of the present age has no explanation whatever, and which, to the generality of mankind, appear entirely supernatural. To test these assertions, and departing from my usual custom, I am about to make a partial display of my power, in order to convince you that you have fallen into

the second childhood of that knowledge which embraces the laws of nature."

"Having repeated these words sedately but without bombast, she suddenly rose from her seat, and advancing gracefully to the centre of the semi-circle in which we were seated, she slowly waved her arm in the air, carrying the hand gradually round the circle, and pausing for a brief moment before each person. While she was occupied with others I noticed nothing peculiar, but when she paused opposite myself I instantly felt a sensation as if a human hand, as cold as ice, had been laid upon my forehead! I perceived its shape, the contour of the fingers, the spaces between them, and the pressure of the thumb distinct from the rest. There was positively no mistake; it was the contact of an invisible hand, and when she relieved me from it by passing to the person next me, I saw that the others had certainly experienced the same, or a similar, visitation. When the circle was completed, we all suddenly saw what seemed to be a slender steel rod, perhaps two feet long, appear in her still extended hand. I say appear, for no one had seen anything in her grasp previously, and assuredly she did not take it from her dress, for she did not lower the hand, and her arm was bare to the elbow!

"Your eyes are now open, so that you are able to behold the wand of power," she cried, in a low, cold voice, that seemed to come from an immense distance. 'Watch it closely that you may believe.'

"As she spoke, a tiny spark, brighter than the fiercest fire, appeared at the end of the rod, and instantly divided into as many rays as there were persons before her. One of these rays darted suddenly to the forehead of each of the spectators, and a sensation as if a blinding flash of lightning had fallen before me, overpowered for a moment my whole faculties. The effect was equally violent upon the rest, and but for its increasing mystery, the scene would have been ludicrous on account of the various and singular manifestations of alarm which it created.

"It lasted but a second, however, and of course the first instinct of all present was to place their hands to their foreheads; but she waved the rod again, and to our horror and astonishment we felt our wrists grasped by invisible hands, icy-cold, but perfect in form, which possessed sufficient power to prevent the slightest struggle. We were relieved of this incubus, too, in a brief space, but not before its fearful mystery had produced marked effects upon the spirits and courage of most of the company. For my own part, I was too much interested to be afraid, and I saw that she observed I was less so than the rest. I waited eagerly for the next manifestation, nor was it long delayed. Advancing swiftly, she moved rapidly round the circle, touching each one as she passed with the wand. As she did so, *wreaths of living fire sprang up in her footstep*, coiling round the legs of those she touched, and rising to the height of the knee. It was fire, living, writhing fire, but it did not burn, and deadly coldness, instead of heat, followed its contact! Though shocked and startled by this new proof of her power, most of the party maintained their composure wonderfully, and it was not until the catastrophe of this final demonstration occurred that their fortitude gave way.

"On regaining her original position, she rapidly traced a small circle in front of herself, and struck thrice in its centre with the wand. Instantly the flames sprang up, and in their midst a tall, shadowy form, like that we had seen upon the staircase, became gradually defined. When it was plainly visible, it slowly advanced toward the circle of horror-struck spectators, waving its thin hands and leering horribly a ghastly smile!

"I shall never forget the scene that ensued, though it passed so rapidly as to defy description. Appalled and terror-stricken, the courage of all those wise, brave men, vanished in an instant, and simultaneously the whole party started to their feet, and making the best of their way to the front door, escaped from the house as quickly as it was possible. As for myself—though I do not pretend to more bravery than common men—I was more wonder-stricken than terrified, and stood my ground until the ghastly phantom was close to my side. I felt a sensation as of an ice-cold wind blowing upon my cheek and arm, and the shade at that instant laid one hand upon my breast and threw up the other as if about to embrace me. My own fortitude then gave way, and I followed my retreating friends, but not before I met the eyes of the mysterious being who had so alarmed us, and I thought that I saw in them a glance of mingled tenderness and pity, which haunted me, far more persistently than the phantom, for many days thereafter.

"When I reached the corner of the street, I found my friends assembled there, silent and troubled. We gazed into each other's faces with wistful, doubting looks, but for some moments none spoke. At last the hearty voice of Professor M—— (though it was now agitated and uneven), broke the spell.

"Well," said he, "if that was a trick and a deception, it is the most terribly real one I ever heard of!"

"No answer was returned, but each one drew a long breath as if in relief, and turning away without even the usual parting words, the party instantly separated and sought their homes."

Such were the concluding words of my beloved pupil's wild tale, and though I did not yet believe there was aught but successful imposture in the whole affair, I could not doubt, from the earnestness and solemnity of his manner, that he accepted it as supernatural truth. Still this did not account for his sorrow and oppression, nor did it explain his opening declaration that he was in love, and in a few kind words I hinted as much.

"I have not yet told you all, sir," he answered, with a sad sigh, and rousing himself from a deep reverie into which he had fallen since he had ceased speaking; "I have not told you half, though

which remains may be briefer in recounting. Bear with me but a moment, that I may arrange my thoughts."

He sat silent, and evidently pondering some weighty thought for perhaps ten minutes; then suddenly sitting erect, he began again as follows:

"On the morning following this strange scene, I rose from my couch with a deeper determination than ever to unravel the mystery. All fear had vanished, and its place was usurped by a feeling that we had been duped, and that it was a point of honor to unmask the imposture. While I was dressing, I felt a folded paper in the breast pocket of my coat, and on drawing it forth, imagine my astonishment when I beheld the following note:

"ANDREAS DE CHASTAIN.—You are not of the vulgar herd. Your soul aspires, as mine does, to the immortal and the unseen. It follows that our fate is one and that you belong to me. You are worthy to receive a knowledge unattainable by mere men. If you would dare the trial—and I warn you that it is a trial—come to me alone and we will confer together.

ZILLAH.

"I could not doubt that this mysterious note came from her, but how she knew my name—how names had not been given at the meeting, and I was only accidentally present—or how it had been placed in my pocket, I could not conceive. I could not solve the question then, however, and, laying the note aside, I dismissed it from my mind until I again met her.

"Although most of the former committee declined another visit to that house, the investigation was by no means given up. Three others, besides myself, determined to pursue it, and shortly afterward we went thither in company. I need not detail what passed at this interview, save in one particular.

"Nothing supernatural occurred, except that we heard the most ravishing music, the source of which was unseen, and the whole time was employed in a discussion appertaining to the object of our visit. She proved to be more learned than any of her interlocutors, and confuted their arguments when they were faulty with the readiness of an adept. The interview did not last long, and terminated with an appointment for another, at which she was to bring forward other proofs. The particular circumstance to which I have alluded occurred just as we had risen to take our leave. She then stood directly opposite me, and I caught her eyes fixed upon mine with a meaning gaze. Instantly the fact of her written communication recurred to me, and, hastily drawing near to her, I said in a low voice:

"I have received your note. When shall I come?"

"My gaze was fastened on her face. I did not perceive the slightest motion of her lips, but I instantly heard a voice that appeared to be close to my ear answer, in a deep whisper:

"Thanks. You will be notified at the proper time. Beware!"

"Since that time, doctor," continued De Chastain, after another pause of some duration, "I have visited that woman constantly. Scarcely two consecutive days—certainly not a week—have passed without our meeting. The investigation by the committee has long been abandoned, but I have studied with her, toyed with her, lived in and for her only, and the result is that I am absolutely and without hope an abject slave."

I did not know what reply to make to this, and therefore remained silent.

"What I have learned from her, except to love, is nothing to the purpose, though I should shudder to tell it. Suffice it to say that the *Forbidden Art* seems as familiar to her as the ritual to the priest. I may say, though, that I am now thoroughly convinced that she does possess knowledge that renders the unknown forces of nature and the spirits of the air willing slaves, as I am. But I love—I love her—and I am undone."

The mournful pathos with which these last words were pronounced moved me to tears, and for some minutes there was a sad silence between us. At last I roused myself to reason with him and try to wrest from him the infatuation that possessed him, but the longer I talked the weaker I found my commonplace argument, even to my own mind. Though I still felt assured that the woman was naught but an arrant impostor, I also saw that the passion with which she had inspired my beloved pupil was one which no ordinary argument or any common event could eradicate. This consideration, however, only rendered me more desirous of effecting that object, and at last I exclaimed, with some heat:

"And why can you not leave her? Why not tear yourself from her? You are a man and not a coward; and though the misery of so doing would be the greatest ever borne by mortal, you are surely capable of endurance."

"Doctor!" he suddenly exclaimed, with startling energy, while his eyes glanced wildly upon me, "this woman is a fiend—a demon in the form of an angel of light—permitted to walk the earth as a mortal for some unknown purpose. She is a siren fresh from the depths of the nethermost pit. My heart, my will, my mind, even my body, are all too surely hers, and oh, my friend, my friend! I fear that she will compass the destruction of my soul!"

His head sank slowly upon his folded arms, resting on the table before him, and the whole room shook with the violence of the sobs that burst from his laden heart.

At that instant I distinctly heard, just above our heads, a low and tender voice—a woman's voice, full of love and pity—pronounce the sublime words of Peter's confiding prayer to his Master, in the temple:

"Lord, save me, or I perish!"

ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD EXTRAORDINARY.—A civet-cat can live ten days without food, an antelope twenty days, an eagle twenty-eight days, a badger thirty days, and a dog thirty-five days; a crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three months, a bear six months, a chameleon eight months, and a viper ten months. Spiders, toads, tortoises and beetles will maintain abstinence for an indefinite length of time.

THE NEEDLE-GUN AND CARTRIDGE.

The needle-gun, by means of which the Prussians have achieved victories with a rapidity that has astonished Europe, is no new invention, or one which has only just been made known. It was offered to France, and, no doubt, to other Continental States; but the general opinion among those who professed to know more than others of such matters was, that its demerits were greater than its merits. A description of the gun and cartridge, and the manner in which the Prussian soldier is trained to use it, will show that the objections that were made to it were more theoretical than real, and that, as a good, useful weapon, it will hold its ground against any of its brother breech-loaders.

The appearance of the needle-gun is not so very different in externals from the ordinary muzzle-loader as to attract sudden attention. The hammer is absent, but in place of it there is a stout knob or handle, which would make it a very formidable weapon in the hands of the Brandenburgers, if used in the manner which is said to be a favorite one with them when at close quarters—as a kind of battle-axe or club. When the gun is loaded, this knob is held in a notch deep enough to keep it firmly in its place, and prevent the cylinder to which it is attached from being blown out by the explosion. When it becomes necessary to reload the gun, the thumb draws back a slide to which the spring is attached, the complete performance of which is announced by a little click, and the right hand then grasps the knob or handle, and brings it to an upright position, which allows of its being drawn back toward the stock. When this is done, a cavity is revealed, in which the cartridge is placed; it is then pushed forward toward the barrel, and the breech is closed. In the cylinder is contained the coil or spring to which the needle is fastened. This spring is drawn back in the manner we have mentioned, and only the point of the needle can be perceived projecting ever so little through the hole drilled in the tube of the cylinder, which keeps it in its position, and guides it straight to the point desired.

The cartridge used in this weapon is an invention in itself, and shows the inventor's intimate acquaintance with a fact which we understand to have been little known at the time, and which is not generally acknowledged even now, but respecting which there can be no doubt whatever in the minds of those who know anything of such matters. Even so small a quantity of powder as is contained in a cartridge, when the grains are pressed closely together as they are in that position, does not explode simultaneously, and by igniting the gunpowder at the part nearest the bullet, the whole force of the gas generated is directed on the bullet, and the escape of gas from the breech, which some assert takes place, is diminished, if not altogether prevented. A more important consideration than this is, that when the ignition takes place in front, the strain on the gun is lessened. As for the escape of gas in the case of breech-loading guns, of which so much is said, when a gun is effective at a range of a thousand paces, as the needle-gun is said to be, and as we know it to be at eight hundred paces, we may be sure that the gas which escapes must be so infinitesimally small that it need not be taken into account. It was doubtless owing to his knowledge of this advantage of igniting the gunpowder in front, that the inventor placed the fulminating powder between the ball and the gunpowder, for which, too, he might have another reason—namely, diminishing the risks of accidental explosion. When the coil or spring to which the needle is attached is released, the needle enters the cartridge at the base, passes through the gunpowder, and strikes against the fulminating compound, which instantly explodes, and ignites the gunpowder.

The fulminating powder does not occupy the whole of the space between the bullet and the gunpowder; if this were so, there would really be the danger from accidental explosion by concussion which has been brought against it. Between the bullet and the powder, the pasteboard is so thick as to allow of a hole being drilled in the very centre of it, in an exact line with the point of the needle, and this hole is filled with the fulminant, which is thus protected from pressure on all sides, so effectively as to account for the entire absence of accidents, notwithstanding the careless treatment they are certain to receive from the soldiers, who, from long familiarity with them, we may be quite sure, do not treat them with especial gentleness. Every man on going into action is supplied with sixty of these cartridges, which he carries in two pouches moving on a belt, so placed that they balance each other. When he has fired away the contents of one, he pushes it out of the way, and substitutes the other. As the operation of loading consists merely in dropping the cartridge just as it is in the cavity prepared for it, without biasing or any other preliminary, there is no difficulty in firing the gun ten or twelve times in a minute; but the soldiers are directed, even in the hottest part of the action, not to fire more than five times in a minute. As a matter of fact, they seldom fire even at this rate, and for the very sufficient reason, that, as the picked shots begin firing at the enemy when they are at eight hundred yards' distance, the whole of their ammunition would be exhausted before they came to close quarters. Much of the destructiveness of the Prussian fire arises from the accurate aim taken by the men. Full of confidence in their weapon, and its superiority over the muzzle-loaders at close quarters, they wait the approach of their antagonists with calmness, and do not throw away any of their balls in random shots; the old saying, that every bullet has its bullet, applies with greater truth to Prussian bullets than to those of any other army. To this cause must be assigned the large proportions of Austrians who are to be seen with their arms in slings, suffering from what are merely flesh-wounds, of which they speak with a kind of contempt; but inasmuch as these wounds were severe enough to disable them, the shot may be considered to have done its work as effectively as if it had shattered the bone.

That any weapon could be more effective in action, or less liable to be thrown out of good working condition by exposure to night-dews or rain, it is not easy to believe; but it is evident that much of its destructiveness will depend on the amount of instruction which each individual soldier receives in its use.

The Prussian soldier has long been trained to fire his regulation number of balls as though they were objects to be deposited in an assigned position, and not to be merely got rid of with the least possible trouble to himself. The infantry of the line, during their military training, are required to fire one hundred balls a year per man. These have to be fired on succeeding days at a rate not exceeding ten per day. Five shots will decide whether a man remains for a time in the third class, or if he goes at once into the second; but no man is placed in the second class of marksmen who has not proved his right to be there by the accuracy of his fire. The ordinal through which he has to pass before he is admitted into the first class, is of course proportionally severe. The conscript begins his practice at one hundred and fifty paces from the target. Before and after every shot, he receives from the instructor a brief lecture explanatory of the why and the wherefore. Every shot he fires is recorded on his card by the marker; and as soon as he has obtained a fixed number of marks by five balls in succession, he is put back fifty paces additional; and the same thing goes on until he has reached the maximum distance for the majority of them, including those of the first class—namely, six hundred paces. There are many who think little of this range, and these are allowed to fire at the target from a greater distance, as are the whole of the men composing the corps of fusiliers, who, moreover, have to fire two hundred shots a year in lieu of one hundred. The targets used are of different kinds; some are fixed, others are in motion, and the soldier under instruction will sometimes be called upon suddenly to transfer his fire from one to the other. It will be seen, therefore, why it was that every man in the Prussian army, with the exception, perhaps, of the newly-joined conscripts, was able to make such effectual use of the advantage which the breech-loading needle-gun gave him over the more antiquated weapon in the hands of the Austrians.



AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR IN EUROPE—A WAGON LOAD OF PRUSSIAN VIVANDIERES TAKEN INTO VIENNA.

PRUSSIAN VIVANDIERES TAKEN INTO VIENNA.

The accompanying illustration presents a scene in the streets of Vienna during the late war—the arrival of a wagon containing a number of women belonging to the Prussian regiments, and serving in the capacity of sutlers or vivandieres. Unwilling to abandon their stock in trade when overtaken by the Austrian hussars, they were forced to surrender, and were immediately sent to Vienna as prisoners. They did not surrender their gay disposition and lively looks, and evidently regarded their capture as a pleasant episode in army life.

Their captivity was of short duration, as they were soon released and allowed to return to their homes.

APPEARANCE OF THE GRAVE OF DOUGLAS,

On the Day of the Monumental Ceremonies.

On the next page we present a sketch of the grave of the illustrious Douglas, as it was decorated on the occasion of laying the cornerstone of a monument to his memory. The enclosure was tastefully draped in black, a cross composed of beautiful flowers was erected over the grave, and on a pedestal placed at each end stood a bust of the departed statesman, and a model of the monument, both designed by the artist Volk, of Chicago. The whole appearance was grand and striking, and reflected great credit on the taste and skill of Mr. Ackas, who executed the work.

The Soldiers' Home, seen a short distance in the rear, was also appropriately draped, and the citizens of Chicago may congratulate themselves on the satisfactory manner in which all the arrangements in connection with the interesting occasion were conceived and carried out. Ample accommodations were provided for the immense crowds who came to participate in the interesting ceremonies, and among the many excellent hotels with which the city abounds, the International was especially noted for the efforts of the proprietors to make their guests feel at home.

BRENTON CHURCH.

This is one of the relics of colonial times in the Old Dominion, was built about the beginning of the last century, and then regarded as one of the finest structures in the country. A writer of that period speaks of it as "nicely regular and convenient, and as well adorned as the best churches in London." The pew of Governor Spotswood remained in the church in its original condition until within a few years. It was raised from the floor and covered with a canopy, and had his name inscribed in gilt letters upon the interior.

In the graveyard adjacent to the church are several tombstones still in a state of good preservation, though two centuries have passed since their erection. They were sculptured in England and imported to this country.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

THERE are some monstrosities and idiosyncrasies and deformities that have escaped the notice of Barnum, and are still unknown beyond the limited sphere in which they have always moved. One of our special artists, in his travels

through the South, found at Suffolk, Va., two negro children, a brother and sister, having six toes on each foot, and five fingers and a thumb on each hand. We give a sketch of these worthies on this page, thus awarding to them a notoriety they would not otherwise have gained. Whether or not this physical enlargement is typical of enlarged privileges and opportunities for their race, we do not pretend to determine.

Arnold Chevely's Story.

Of course it was very wrong—wife as she was to be so happy in the society of this man, and to feel so lost, so dreary, during the many long hours, and even days, that she did not see him. But intellectual companionship was a necessity to a nature like hers, and in her childhood's home had she not drunk daily from the fountain of choicest literature, and did not her mother's eye kindle, and her cheek flush responsive to her own, while her favorite brother read the sublime pages of Milton, or with the moody Byron, tossed upon the waters as Childe Harold, who, fleeing from his native land, with a heart full of bitterness, would

not be comforted, or yet again, as Manfred, stood amid the ruins of almighty Rome?

Such had been the daily food of a soul naturally high-toned and poetic. And what was her life now, since this hasty, ill-assorted marriage? True, she had many of her old friends, the poets, about her, but Clare was eminently social, and half her joy in them, she found, had been that loving hearts were about her whose ideal she was, who saw in her the embodiment of all worth and loveliness, and in whom she, too, could see exemplified the brave, the tender and the true. But all this sweet life was—it seemed to her—in the far-off past; five years of vacant, weary life, will be, to the impatient, eager heart of youth, an age of torture; and there was torture for that fine, susceptible nature, when he whom she called husband, and who, in her own childish enthusiasm, she had idealized and invested with all that was noblest and best in human nature could, and did, turn away wearily while in her beautiful voice she read what to her was sweetest music. At first she did not, would not, comprehend it, but comforted her young heart with the thought that he was over-weary with the day's business, or that some anxiety, of which she was ignorant, was preying upon his spirits; but at last she could not avoid perceiving that the listlessness, the languor, were gone, when the book was laid aside or some friend was announced, with whom the local gossip, the political campaign, were discussed with a spirit and animation that would have given her unutterable joy if she could have seen it bestowed on the things she loved.

Now came the conviction that the interest displayed in these pursuits and pleasures of hers, before marriage, had been assumed for a purpose, and that purpose was to entrap her into a marriage.

And why had he done this? She had not wealth to tempt him, there were many others she knew who would have gladly brought him, as his wife, more dollars and cents; true, they were brainless girls, but what difference could that make to him? Poor child; she was not yet sufficiently skilled in human nature to perceive that although he cared nothing for these things himself, yet was he ambitious, and seeing her potted and admired by those higher in the social scale than he, had



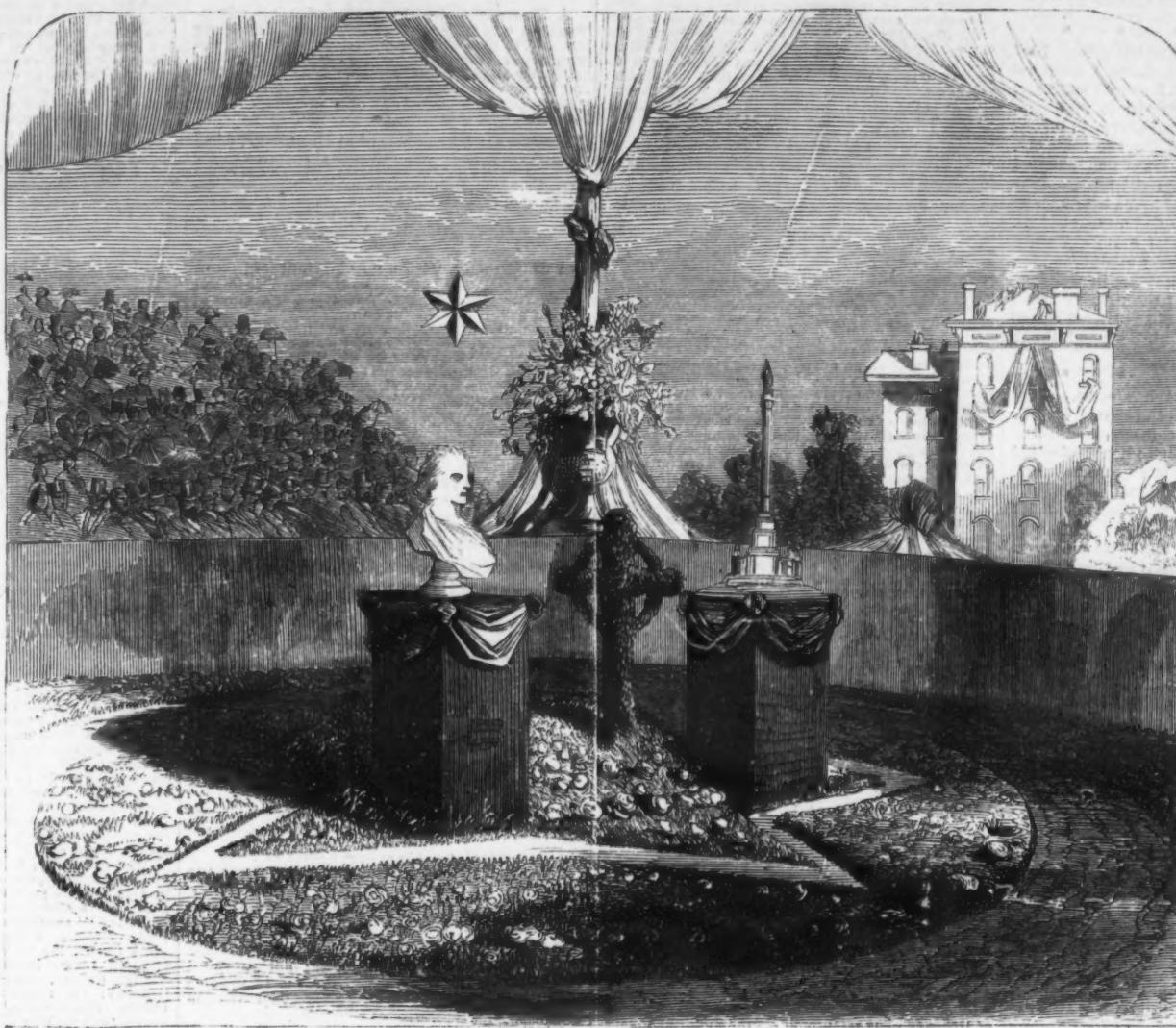
BRENTON CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

felt that it would be a triumph to carry her off as his bride. Perhaps it was as well that she did not know how trifling a cause had turned the scale in his mind in favor of marrying her, rather than them; instead, she still clung to the idea that if he did not appreciate the things she loved, and in which alone she had life, yet he had at least loved them in her, in a blind sort of way. Now, even this poor solace was fast failing her, for of late he had been worse than indifferent, had seemed to feel a kind of smothered hate for all that she delighted in, and for her that she did so. Life's journey looked very weary to her then, and so long, for she was still very young, and grief does not often kill. Could she but take these years, as she might another thing, and give them freely to some poor wretch who was vainly praying for a lengthening of life's span, she would have gladly done it.

When this time had come, when her whole soul cried out for sympathy, and her young, quick heart would not be dead and cold, this man crossed her pathway. What wonder that she forgot to turn away from the light of his presence—that she lingered a little before going into outer darkness! It was a pity that she did so, for moment by moment the light grew more and more brilliant, and the rest more sweetly tender, while the night without seemed more appalling. There was nothing to

warn her of danger; her very impulse was as pure and unsullied as that of a little child, and he was worthy of her love; and yet, these two, in simply loving, sinned. Do not start, reader. Their crime consisted only in loving each other. Only, did I say? What right had they to love? Of course the world says naught of him; a meaning smile is the only comment; men are privileged. But for her! Oh, the sin, the shame thus to forget the vow so solemnly given to love but one, her lawful husband, till death did them part. Alas! for human frailty, she dared to forget all this, and for a brief moment to find rest and peace in the calm strength of one not her husband. It was soon over; an hour of awakening came. Not his hand whom she worshiped tore aside the veil, and revealed to her startled eyes the magnitude of her crime; for—strange infatuation!—her lover had thought her so pure that he had never dared to approach her otherwise than with deepest reverence. Once he was tempted to lay his hand upon her bright hair, as, with parted lips and radiant face, she sat eagerly listening to the words of some old song he was dreamily repeating, thinking the while of her more than the words he uttered—only once; but this one touch so thrilled him, awoke such a yearning in his soul to enfold her in his strong arms and bear her away to be his and his alone forever, that his only resource was to rush from her presence, hurrying away, fast and far, while a mighty will wrestled with a love that would have conquered another or driven him mad. And so it was not through him the revelation came, but her husband's quick eye saw and comprehended all; and no wonder that he did. She had no thought of wrong, and had made no effort to disguise her heart; but when assailed with bitter reproaches and dark suspicions, she was stricken dumb with amazement, and sadly questioned her own heart to know if there was any cause for the former—the latter she heeded not. She found, alas! that it was even so; that there, throned, and crowned, and worshiped, as no being before had ever been, sat he who was not her husband. How low the proud head was bowed then in shame and anguish; how remorse tugged at her heart-strings; how gladly she would have prostrated herself at her husband's feet and entreated forgiveness; but with keen reproaches and withering sarcasm he kept her from him. How she suffered need not be told. Did she not deserve it all? She verily believed so, and for a time dared not even pray for help in her anguish, for she well knew it to be the law of a just God that those who sin must suffer. They met—she and her lover—but once after this. He saw at a glance that she knew her own heart, and that all was over between them save a life-long memory. Whether she had discovered this from her own thoughts, or another had revealed it to her, he never knew. But little was said; words would be of no use—at least, any words that might be spoken between them. And so they parted, each knowing it to be for all time; and yet the single word "Farewell!" in place of the usual "Good-by!" was the only token of that knowledge.

A continent separates them now. She is with her husband, a pale, patient woman, who strives to be a good wife. Has she forgotten her love? you ask. I think not, for her husband's still callous eye sometimes cannot avoid noting that a



THE GRAVE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AS IT APPEARED ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 6TH, THE DAY OF THE MONUMENTAL CEREMONIES.

casual allusion to that which they both endeavor to bury deep in the grave of silence sends the small hand quickly to her side and pales the already pallid cheek. Her husband never pitied her, never has—until now.

Heaven knows I have tried to write calmly—tried to write as if it was not I, her husband, who was writing—as if I was not speaking of my wife and myself. I have tried to put myself in her place, to feel as she has felt. I think I have done it—and as I read it over, I curse the day I was born, the hour in which I ever crossed her pathway, to be a blight and trouble to her.

If she could know now, as she lies in that room up-stairs, unconscious of all around her—but, thank God! not dead—how my heart yearns toward her, with what ever-deepening anguish I have sat by her side, night after night, day after day, she would forgive me and love me. She has never reproached me, not once; but now I know all that has been hidden in her heart for years. In her delirium she has spoken, unconsciously; she has revealed her heart to him who has never pitied her—until now. Oh, fool that I have been!—oh, blind, and deaf, and cruel—my punishment has commenced!

When life had lost its charms for me, when I turned from dissipation with disgust, when I had grown to dislike and suspect the whole human race, I met this fair child, this innocent, ignorant, unawakened heart, this intellect, which I intuitively felt, in many things exceeded my own. I fancied her, and I married her—so she said last night. But she was wrong there. I loved her as well as I could love any one. Like the fool that I was, I willed that she should be like me; that she should have no thought, no feeling, no opinion, which I did not approve. She was docile enough. I never had any trouble with her on that score. She did not even rebel or murmur when I grew harsh and cold to her—for I did.

When she was scarce more than a child she became a mother; a fragile baby—a girl—lay upon her heart. It brought no joy. The mother could not welcome one who, perhaps, would one day suffer as she had done. The father almost hated the tiny waif, in whose sad face he saw the cloud of the mother's sorrow. Two years more and another child was born unto us—another girl. My wife, my home, my children, grew utterly distasteful. Poor child! I think she felt more relief than sorrow when I decided at last to leave her in a quiet country town, while I located

is found. To-night, as I bent over her, I would have given worlds to feel that she was mine—to have clasped her in one passionate, last embrace. But, no! I feared that she might suspect something. To-day she had seemed to cling closer to me—but I am wandering. It was only because she is so lonely. To-morrow I shall receive a letter demanding my immediate presence on important business in some distant city. I shall leave her then, and the day after to-morrow a few lines in the paper, inserted by myself, shall inform the public that Arnold Chevely met his death by carelessly stepping too soon from the train. All very prosaic, but so much the more like the truth; and that paper, sent also by my own hand, shall inform her that she is free, and him that he can go to her at last. Will there be great rejoicing, I wonder? If the world knew my trouble, perhaps a few would ask, "Why are you such a coward as not to commit suicide in reality, that she may be indeed free?" I answer: I live that I may watch over her. My lamb, whom I have tortured so long, may need me at last.

It is done—she will never see my face again. By this time both must have received the news. I made a will a few days before I came here, in which I left everything to her, reserving only a small sum for myself. I am staying in this Western city for a few days, disguised effectually, I think, and I have assumed a false name. Arnold Chevely is dead.

I am in India, and to-day I saw in the American papers, just arrived, the following:

"Married, June the 7th, at ——, by the Rev. ——, Clare, relict of Arnold Chevely, to Raynal Davenport, of ——."

And so they are married! It is a year since we parted, she and I.

To-day she is dearer to me than when she lay a blushing bride in my arms. I would sell my soul for one embrace, one kiss from those dear lips, such as she gives him daily. But, hush! hush! I think I am going mad. Will she ever want me?

Three years later. I am in America again, near them, but so changed that I scarcely need any disguise. I have seen her.

It was at the opera, for I followed them everywhere. I could scarcely believe that the radiant creature who attracted all eyes was my wife—my pallid lily-bud of old. Happiness has made her young again. How tender he is of her!

The opera went on, but I heard nothing, saw nothing, but her.

At last I forgot myself, and, leaning forward, fixed my hungry eyes upon her bright face, lost in yearning and anguish. Suddenly she turned—she saw me, and a mortal paleness swept over her lip and cheek. She had not recognized me, but my eyes had evidently reminded her of one she imagines cold in his grave. I rose hastily and left the house.

A week later. I have seen her again—it was in the street; she was leaning upon his arm, and I saw, with an aching heart, that the brightness of that dear face had been dimmed with tears. She had wept at thought of me. Ah, fool! fool! that



A FREAK OF NATURE—NEGRO CHILDREN LIVING AT SUFFOLK, VA., HAVING SIX TOES ON EACH FOOT AND FIVE FINGERS AND A THUMB ON EACH HAND.

my business in the city. To be sure, I came home at intervals of a few weeks—yes, blind as I was, I could not believe i wise to leave her entirely.

One day my child-wife met this man, so like her that even I felt it, and hated him for it. Of course she loved him; her desolate heart turned to this man with a yearning worship which she had never given to me. But it was with the innocent love of a child. But why do I repeat? I have told the story before to-night. She lies up-stairs as I write, sleeping from pure exhaustion. She has not uttered a single word since this morning. Ah if she knew that in her delirium she had told her husband all, perhaps she would not sleep so calmly.

* * * * *

It is just one month since the above was written. My wife sits opposite, her beautiful gray eyes mournfully searching my face. If she could know my purpose—but no more of this now. She seems to gain no strength and every day leaves her as pallid and as fragile as it found her. Even the physician says that some secret trouble is killing her, and that its cause must be removed before she can recover. Oh, God! I pity her now. Let my purpose prove it, and forgive me if I sin in executing it.

* * * * *

To-morrow I leave her forever. Although she knows it not, my search has been successful. He

is found. To-night, as I bent over her, I would have given worlds to feel that she was mine—to have clasped her in one passionate, last embrace. But, no! I feared that she might suspect something. To-day she had seemed to cling closer to me—but I am wandering. It was only because she is so lonely. To-morrow I shall receive a letter demanding my immediate presence on important business in some distant city. I shall leave her then, and the day after to-morrow a few lines in the paper, inserted by myself, shall inform the public that Arnold Chevely met his death by carelessly stepping too soon from the train. All very prosaic, but so much the more like the truth; and that paper, sent also by my own hand, shall inform her that she is free, and him that he can go to her at last. Will there be great rejoicing, I wonder? If the world knew my trouble, perhaps a few would ask, "Why are you such a coward as not to commit suicide in reality, that she may be indeed free?" I answer: I live that I may watch over her. My lamb, whom I have tortured so long, may need me at last.

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I think I am going mad. Will she ever want me?

I was, why did I cross her pathway again? To-morrow I will go.

To-morrow is here and I have not gone. Last night, after I had written the above, I could not stay in my room; I felt as if I should suffocate. Once in the street, I found myself in a few minutes opposite the house that held her. As I stood gazing, the door opened and the two came out, Clare laughing gayly. For three or four blocks I kept sight of them, although I did not cross the street. Suddenly the two attempted to cross, and Clare, darting away from him, fled merrily before. As she did so, a horse without a rider dashed down the street. She was nearer to me than him, and springing forward, I caught her in my arms, but only to restore her to him the next moment. Neither recognized me, for I did not trust myself to speak, and was gone before he could thank me.

A month later. The time has come. Last night, at ten o'clock, Raynal Davenport died in his chair from heart disease.

I have not seen her; I dare not; her grief would drive me mad. His death, I learn, has left her, with her two children, almost penniless. Thank God that I have thousands! She shall not want!

At last! oh, at last! she is mine—all mine own. She lies in my arms—she presses her lips to mine—she calls me "husband" in a voice sweeter than I ever heard before.

Raynal has been dead two years, and I—I watched over her, befriended her, smoothed the path of poverty for her, and when at last my heart was breaking for her, revealed myself. I told her all—every word, every thought—the whole sad history. And she blessed me, and begged my forgiveness—for what I know not. We are happy now at last.

We often speak of him, and I sometimes imagine that in the end I shall be as dear to her as he ever was. Those who say that both have sinned are welcome to their belief; I do not believe it. If either have, it is I.

My wife has read every word of this history, and when she had finished, I took her in my arms, and we thanked God for each other, and shall never cease to do so.

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

Away in the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, the air is thundered and the earth is rent by a cataract as imposing as Niagara. Situated on the Sagebrush plains, between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range, the great Shoshone is a world-wonder, which for savage scenery and power sublime stands unrivaled in America. These falls of the Snake or Lewis Fork of the Columbia have been but a couple of years discovered, and have been seen as yet by scarce as many scores of white men. This majestic master-piece of nature's engineering lies a few miles off from the Overland Stage Route, running northwesterly between Salt Lake and Boise Cities, and half way (or about two hundred miles) from those said capitals of Idaho and Utah.

Traveling by compass across the boundless sage plains, where no living being breaks the desert stillness—save here and there a hissing snake, half hid between a regiment of horned toads and high ranges of ant-hills—and the roar of the cataract, which we plainly heard at starting, has gradually died away. The sage plain remains unbroken to the view and no appearance of any river. Still riding on, and suddenly, without warning, we ride up on the brink of a perpendicular precipice over a thousand feet in height; at the foot of it is an apparently unfathomable abyss. Snake river seems but like a narrow silver ribbon. Down stream, about a half mile distant, a long monument of mist walls earth to heaven; hence, think we, there at least must be the safety-valves of foaming hell and liquid thunder.

After proceeding along the edge of the cliff down a graded slope that permits us to see the water's edge just above the falls, we leave them and descend still further, to obtain a view of the great waterfall. The silence here is wonderful. A dull thump and a smothered roar alone are heard at intervals, but they seem to be miles away, and less loud than they sounded fifteen miles off before. Ascending to the top of a cliff covered by groves of junipers, we turn around and see the queen of cataracts fast marching on with awful pomp, primeval pace and purity prismatic. Soon the eyes conceive the scene's great awe, the cataract's enormous depth, the river's depth, and the tremendous tumble it takes into a cañon deeper still. Dazzled and wonder-struck, the observer is obliged to turn away for a few moments only to gaze again with increasing admiration at the sublime sight. Presently the mind expands to its immensity, and the eye is educated to its magnitude.

It is from the above point that the best view of the whole of the falls is obtained. The river, about two hundred yards in width, coming slowly from the southeast, over-owered by perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, over eight hundred feet high, suddenly expands into half a dozen streams by dark-looking rocks which raise their gloomy crests above the sparkling surface of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of different shape, seeming fanciful and fluctuating, yet physically fixed as they have ever been, while centuries, like shadows, have flown over them. The river, resuming its course, is again divided, and takes a second tumble of sixty feet still further, but this time by only three different streams.

Three falls are the result; one on each side, unbroken and falling in solid sheets, the central one being formed by seven fan-shaped stepped rocks. From one of these benches to the underneath, the water falls in a smooth, transparent sheet, forming a cascade unsurpassed in the world, and contrasting strangely, by its dark transparent color, with the rustling, roaring, foaming streams surrounding it both above and at the sides. The river becomes once more smooth and dark in color. Its banks suddenly cut out from both sides, narrowing the channel to four hundred feet; and through this gap the confined mass of water precipitates its whole volume, without break or hindrance, into an ominous abyss about three hundred feet in depth. No pen can describe this scene. This is in reality the "Great Fall," and is well worthy of its name, leaping as it does from the loom of nature like a colossus sheet of silver.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, the central waters appear blue until they meet the spray that rises ever heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam, and remind one of the pic-tured avalanches in the Alps. Right on the edge of the fall stands a low pillar of gray sand-stone, on whose summit, undisturbed by the whiz of water or the fate fast yawning on their eyrie, a pair of bald eagles have

built their nest, and are now rearing their young secure in sight of the sublimity and solitude surrounding. The cataract's sound, but slightly heard above, is absolutely deafening as you reach the river's base, the roar of the falls, confined as it is by the high walls of the cañon, rushing down the chasm and increasing in volume as it rolls, so as to be heard fully thirty miles southward.

Close to the cataract is a square-shaped cave, of fifteen feet each side and twenty high, whose walls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is unsurpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. Siding out of this cave, and falling about eight feet on to a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the mist, and wet through in an instant. It is here that, by looking up, the enormous altitude of the fall can be realized, and the first feeling is one of preservation, an involuntary drawing back, for the whole mass seems ready to drop and crush you where you stand. Never can the weird beauty of this scene be forgotten by beholders. Rainbows of a thousand hues seem to surround you and their irises to arch the skies.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background to the magic prisms pictured by the spray. The dark, frowning rocks, relieved by the bright green junipers, make a fitting frame for this magnificent sight, second to none in savage grandeur. As measured by officers of the 1st Oregon Infantry, encamped adjoining, the main fall is two hundred and ten feet from the edge to the level of the water below. The upper falls have not yet been measured, but the total fall of the river, on the three distinct tumbles it takes, cannot be less than three hundred feet, while the river itself is over four hundred feet at its narrowest width. The channel of the stream below the fall is a chasm fifteen hundred feet in width, and one thousand feet in depth with a perpendicular wall of rock enclosing it. Writers who have visited Niagara state it cannot compare with those of the Snake river, Idaho. A volume might be written on this wonder of the West, and withal not half exhaust its interest. The outstretched earth overlooked by the everlasting mountains—mighty pyramids of stone that rear their snow-capped bastions to the skies—the prancing fountain and the pouring floods—the solemn caves and continual clouds, true vault of earth and stalactites of heaven—are fit surroundings of these great Western falls, which soon shall mock the magic art of Eastern ones and snuff them into insignificance.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AND THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

AMONGST those most deeply engaged in active and practical deeds of kindness and charity throughout the empire, none exceeds, if any one equals, in activity and benevolence the beautiful Empress Elizabeth, who still remains at Pesth. I give you a translation of a letter which a lady, placed in Her Majesty's suite under the title of "Reader to the Empress," has just written to an old blind gipsy woman living in a remote part of Hungary. It strikes me as being one of the most affecting documents I ever read:

"OPEN, July 17.

"GOOD WOMAN—Her Majesty the Empress and Queen of Hungary went recently to see the wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Vienna, and amongst them found your son with a serious fracture of the right arm. I am sorry to tell you the medical men declared the arm must be amputated, but your son would not consent. Her Majesty used such persuasion with him that at last he consented to have it done next day. The Empress came again on that next day, but the arm was not yet amputated, and the medical man declared that if many more hours passed, your son would be lost. He consented, but begged the Empress might be present at the operation, which would give him full courage to bear it. Her Majesty was not able to refuse the request, so she remained until he was put under the influence of a narcotic, and until the surgeons declared all had gone on well, and was sitting on his bed when he awoke. Her Majesty then promised him that he should be moved to her own hospital at Luxembourg after a fortnight. As there are only officers there, he will have the best attendance. When he is quite well he will go home to you, and as he is not able to earn anything, Her Majesty wishes to provide for him as long as he lives. The Empress asked him if he had a family; he answered that he had only an old blind mother, whom he loves with all his heart. Her Majesty was pleased with this expression of feeling, and as she knows that you cannot write, she sends you ten florins to pay for the writing of a letter, because your son is very anxious to hear something from you. Send very soon a letter under cover to me, and I will present it to Her Majesty, who will deliver it to your son. Do not be anxious; your son has everything he wants."

PAPER MANUFACTURE.—A method of treating paper so that it becomes much thicker and stronger, and capable of being glazed with a most beautiful surface, has been brought into use. Paper, either sized or not, is taken dry and soaked in a concentrated neutral solution of chlorid of zinc, moderately heated; after which it is washed, dried, and is ready for use, having the appearance of parchment. The neutral solution of the chlorid of zinc is formed by adding the carbonate, or oxyd of zinc, to a solution of zinc dissolved in muriatic acid, then evaporating the solution until it has arrived at the consistency of syrup when cold. In this state it has a high specific gravity, and the paper to be treated is immersed in it for a few minutes, then taken out, and the adhering zinc removed by the scraper. The paper is now thoroughly washed in clean cold water, and afterward pressed and dried. This treatment draws or fuses the fibres of the paper together, rendering the sheet smaller in size but much stronger and closer in the texture. The process described is conducted with cold liquors, and the paper is only partly rendered into vegetable parchment; when it is desired to produce the fullest change possible in the paper, the liquor is kept heated at about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit while the paper is immersed in it. Sheets of paper, when saturated with such a solution, may be joined permanently together by uniting their edges and passing a heated iron over them. The chlorid of tin may also be used as a substitute for the zinc.

HOW THEY MAKE LAGER BEER.—There are two kinds of lager beer made—one for winter use and the other for a summer drink. That made for winter use requires less time in brewing, and can be put in market as soon as brewed, while summer beer must be stowed away for many months. Lager beer is made from malt and hops, and can only be brewed in the cold winter months. In the fall of the year the malt is purchased, and stored away until about the 1st of December. It is then placed in large mash-tubs, and soaked for some time in cold water. When sufficiently softened and swelled, warm water is added, and the temperature of the water increased gradually until the whole mass is almost boiling. This process extracts all the saccharine matter from the malt, leaving of the grain nothing but the "hull." This liquid is called wort. From the mash-tubs the liquor is drawn into huge kettles, where hops are added, and the whole mass boiled for two hours. It is then carried to the coolers, which are simply immense sheet-iron pans, generally placed in and occupying the whole of the upper floors of the brewery. The beer is poured into these pans to the depth of two or three inches, the windows and doors of the building being thrown open, and the liquor thus speedily cooled. It is then drawn off into large fermenting tubes, where a little yeast is added to facilitate the fermentation. Here the beer remains from six to twelve days, according to the temperature of the atmosphere, until it has worked off all impurities. The beer then, in its purified state, is drawn into large tanks, holding from twenty to thirty barrels, and stored away in immense cellars for summer use. The process of manufacturing lager beer occupies about one month, after which it requires to stand about four months before it is ready for use.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A WESTERN paper has the following advertisement: "To Schoolmasters.—To be sold, a thrashing machine, in good working order; has birch, cane and straw barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offenses into literary moral and impudent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat."

THERE was a tournament at Huntsville, Ala., lately at which one of the contestants appeared as the "Knight of the Gray Jacket." Passing down one of the streets, attired for the tourney, he was halted by a detachment of United States soldiers, and the buttons were cut off from his jacket of gray. He made no resistance, and when asked what he meant by appearing in rebel uniform, replied "Tournament."

A YOUNG lady, with a mind intent on shopping, entered a store on a certain occasion, and, addressing the fresh-looking, rosy-cheeked youth, desired to know if he had any nice silk hose.

"Certainly, Miss," replied he, and immediately the counter was strewn with the delicate articles.

"How high do they come, sir?"

The clerk blushed, turned all sorts of colors, but spoke not a word. She gave him a look of surprise, and repeated her question. Again the youth stammered and said:

"Really, Miss, I—that is to say—I think—I could not be positive—but my impression is, they come just above the knee!"

"THERE are two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save four thousand, I must lay up two hundred a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty a year for two hundred years—now, which shall I do?"

TWO PERSONS who had not seen each other for some time met accidentally, and one asked the other how he did. The other replied that he was very well, and had married since they had last seen each other.

"That is good news, indeed," said the first.

"Nay," replied the other, "not so very good, either, for I married a shrew."

"That is bad."

"Not so very bad, either, for I had fifty thousand dollars with her."

"That makes it all well again."

"Not so well as you think; for I laid out the money on a flock of sheep, and they died of the rot."

"That was hard, truly."

"Not so hard, either; for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."

"You were lucky at any rate."

"Not so lucky as you think, for I bought a house with the money, and the house was burned down uninsured."

"That, indeed, must have been a great loss."

"Not so great a loss, I assure you, for my wife was burnt with it."

WE understand that a great deal of capital is still "locked up." This might be expected, considering how frequently money has been "tight" of late.

GARDENERS mind their peas; actors mind their cues; but church-wardens, instead of minding their "p's" and "q's," very often give all their attention to their pews and keys.

"So IT seems," as the young lady observed to the sewing machine when she put the work before it.

THE more checks a spendthrift receives, the faster he goes on.

ANY merchant may make his house a custom house by attention to his duties.

IF you cannot have friends without continually cultivating them, the crop may not be worth the trouble.

IN the "economy of nature" we often find the wildest profusion; and so we do in the boasted economy of some people.

AT first the dissipated resort to wine to stimulate their wits, and in the end have to resort to their wits to procure their wine.

A GRAND juror having applied to the judge to be excused for serving, on account of deafness, the judge said:

"Could you not hear my charge to the jury, sir?"

"Yes; I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense of it."

He was "excused."

WHEN Erskine was in the full tide of success as a barrister, some of his fellow-lawyers, wishing to annoy him, hired a boy to ask him, as he was going into court with his green bag stuffed with briefs, if he had any old clothes for sale.

"No, you young rascal!" said Erskine; "these are all new suits."

IN the theatre of Weimar, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house. The pit took offense at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically; whereupon the manager brought his company upon the stage, and ousted the visitors.

A WRITER, in speaking of bonnets, says the coal-scuttles was in vogue when blushing was known but that art of infirmity being now obsolete, or being rendered a permanent attraction, the coal-scuttle is dispensed with.

A MERCHANT examining a hogshead of hard ware, on comparing it with the invoice found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice.

"Och! don't be troubled," said the Irish porter, "sure, the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with."

WE lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour through the mines, conjugating, or rather cogitating, thus:

"Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus!"

LORD NORBURY, riding in the coach of his friend Purcell, and chancing to pass a gallows, asked:

"Where would you be, Purcell, if every man had his due?"

"Alone in my carriage," was the reply.

THERE is a thing that was three weeks old when Adam was no more,

This thing it was but four weeks old when Adam was fourscore.

The Moon.

A good story is told of one George Shaffer, who many years ago lived at Portsmouth. He had once been out shooting, and was coming home with his gamebag empty, and weary, when he stopped at the toll-house for a moment's rest.

"There's a fine lot of ducks back here in the pond," said he to the toll-keeper; "what will you let me fire into them for?"

"Can't do it," responded the toll-man. "I don't want to have my ducks killed."

George put his gun in the toll-house and walked back to take another look at the ducks. When he was gone, the toll-man, who was a wag, drew the shot from the barrel, and then replaced the gun.

George returned, and then renewed the question.

"Well," said the toll-man, "though you are a good shot, I don't believe you could hurt them much. Give me your money, and you may fire."

The money was paid, and quite a party, who had gathered around, went back to witness George's discomfiture. He raised his gun, fired, and killed nine of them.

"The deuce!" cried the toll-man. "I took the charge out of your gun."

"Yes," said George, "I supposed you would. I always go double-charged."

TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BED.—Among the essential articles for creature use none are considered so important for health and comfort as a good bed; in view of this fact, we are glad to call attention to a spring bed manufactured by the "Tucker Manufacturing Company," 59 John street. The large demand for, and commendations of all who have used this bed warrant us in saying it is one of the best things ever yet devised for man's comfort; its chief merits are *comfort, cleanliness, durability, and cheapness*, and those who have once tested its merits will never abandon it for any other contrivance known.

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On and after October 6th FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDREN'S FRIEND will be published weekly, in the form of a handsome paper of eight pages, of three columns each, under the title of BOYS' AND GIRLS' ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. The ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY will take a wider range than THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, and will be more adapted to the tastes and capacities of boys and girls than that publication; but it will nevertheless retain, as an important feature, a page for children of tender years, so that it will be a welcome visitor in every family, having something of interest for all its members. It will preserve the same pure and healthful tone that has characterized THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, and given it signal popularity. It will contain stories, travels, adventures, sketches of natural history and scenery, illustrations of manners and customs of all nations, biography, anecdotes, sports for the parlor and the field, arithmetical and geographical exercises, poetry, and whatever else may serve to instruct and entertain the young. Every number will have five or more fine illustrations, besides comic and minor engravings.

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Messrs. THOS. ALLCOCK & CO.—Please send, with directions, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay \$5 for a single Plaster if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated plasters to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perfections peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

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Dr. William Earl, 12 White street, N. Y., still prepares the China Pine Sap for the radical cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the air passages. Price \$2 per bottle, or three bottles \$6.

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Official Drawing of August 18th, 1866.
No. 23027 drew \$100,000
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No. 9829 " 25,000
No. 28334 " 10,000
No. 16418 " 5,000
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Being the six capital prizes. Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubletons and all kinds of gold and silver.

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THE TRIUMPH OF WIT AND HUMOR.—JUST PUBLISHED, FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN, for October, containing hits at everybody, and illustrative of the age. The large cartoons are admirable, being the Earth and Moon on a slight spree to celebrate the Cable—the Needle Gun and the Sewing Machine—also the adventures of Mr. Tiffin at Long Branch. Among the portraits is the respected proprietor of the Herald sparkling an "in-discreet subordinate," alias Booby, &c. There is likewise a splendid illustration of how a modest young man was shocked at the revelation of a Tilting Hoop; besides numerous other humorous engravings by the first artists of the age, Newman, Fiske, Stephens, Mullen, Howard, Rosenberg, Davenport, Cresson, &c. The literary contents are equally striking. Among other novelties in the present number is the Life and Adventures of a Manager, in which the New York Managers are sketched to life; also several exciting Romances, Stories, Bon Mots, Sarcasms, and Marvelous Adventures. For Sale by all Newsdealers.

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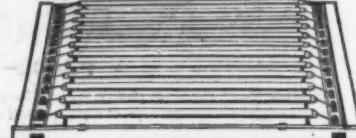
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ON OCT. 1, WILL BE PUBLISHED FOR 1867,

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**THE
EXTRA TRIBUNE
FOR THE
POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.**

A political struggle, rarely surpassed in importance or intensity, has been precipitated on the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson and some of his official or personal adherents to the great and patriotic party by which they were intrusted with power.

The aim of this treachery is to put the steadfast loyalists of the South under the feet of the "whipped but not subdued" rebels, and to enable the latter to glut their vengeance on the former, whom they hate and curse as responsible for the most unexpected overthrow of their darling "Confederacy."

The recent wholesale massacres at Memphis and New Orleans were but conspicuous manifestations of the spirit now rampant in the South, whereof the pro-rebel triumph in Kentucky is a more recent example. The soldiers of Lee, Beauregard, Johnston and Hood, are now the dominant power from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; they elect each other to office in preference even to stay-at-home Rebels; they have supplanted nearly all others as policemen of Southern cities; they are organized and officered as State militia; and they ruthlessly crush every demonstration of loyal Whites or loyal Blacks in assertion of the EQUAL RIGHTS OF AMERICAN FREEDMEN. The school-houses of the Blacks are burned, and their White teachers subjected to violence and outrage by unchanged Rebels, who relieve the work of murder and arson by cheers for Andy Johnson and exhortations of Congress.

The purpose of forcing representatives of the Rebel States into Congress, in defiance of the loyal oath, by Presidential fiat and Military power, is openly avowed, with threats that those who resist it shall be treated as Rebels, and a civil war thus kindled throughout the North and West.

It has thus become imperative that those who stand for LIBERTY and LOYALTY—for the right of the UNION to exist and of MAN to be FREE—should organize and work to strengthen the hands of CONGRESS for the inevitable contest before us.

We must convince the SOUTH and the COPPER-HEADS that revolutions go not backward—that Emancipation is an unchangeable fact—that the glorious CIVIL RIGHTS ACT can never be repealed—that the rights of the humblest AMERICAN are henceforth guaranteed and shielded by the FEDEEAL CONSTITUTION and must be maintained against all gainseayers—that the day wherein BLACKS had no rights which WHITES were bound to respect have passed away for ever.

We hold to-day the power in all the FREE STATES of 1860, in WEST VIRGINIA, and in MISSOURI besides. We must hold these in our ensuing elections, and add to them MARYLAND and DELAWARE—the former lost to us through treachery, otherwise Johnsonism. We must elect to the XLth Congress an overwhelming majority devoted to Loyalty, Nationality, and theinalienable Rights of Man.

To this end, let Light and Truth be systematically diffused to every neighborhood, every fireside, throughout our broad country.

To this end, we propose an extra issue of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE (identical in size and contents with the regular edition), which we will supply on the following terms, the paper to be sent and subscriptions to commence on receipt of the money.

CAN'T GET THE TRIBUNE.

To the Publisher of the New York Tribune:

Sir—are you unable to supply the current demand for your paper? The want of it is being felt as a burden. Let me narrate: On Thursday of last week a copy of *The Tribune* could not be had at Trenton, N. J., at 10 o'clock p. m., but plenty of other papers. On Friday, between 1 and 2 p. m., I could not procure one in Philadelphia, and concluded myself that I would be able to procure one on the 2 o'clock train for New York, but I did not fare any better. I could have got at the same time bundles of other papers. On Saturday morning the edition of *The Tribune* was exhausted in this city at 8½ o'clock A. M. I have just met my neighbor, who inquired the news. He said he had sent all over Jersey City this morning for a copy of *The Tribune*, but could not find one. Not having mine with me, I sent and borrowed a copy. The public would be gratified to know the cause of their inability to procure your paper.

By the way, I informed my neighbor that Mr. Greeley was out with an article upon Mr. Beecher, which I have not as yet had time to read, but we discussed Mr. Beecher's letter, and concluded that he had been captured at Fort Sumter when he delivered the oration upon the raising of the American flag, and had succumbed to the fatigues of Southern politicians.

JEROME CITY, N. J., Sept. 3, 1866.

We are happy in informing our friends that we are abundantly able to supply all demands for THE TRIBUNE. The difficulty is that newsmen do not keep up with the increased demand. They increase their orders day by day for THE TRIBUNE, but they do not increase fast enough. There may be dealers whose prejudices so far interfere with their interests that they are unwilling to supply the demand for THE TRIBUNE. In such cases, and indeed in all cases, it is better to notify the carrier or newsdealer in advance that you want THE TRIBUNE regularly, and it will be served. The circulation of THE TRIBUNE is more than 35,000 copies larger than on the 1st of August, and the increase still goes on. This argues well for the triumphant success of the Union cause.

THE CAMPAIGN TRIBUNE.

KEEP THE BALL ROLLING.

The following are a few of the letters received on Thursday, Sept. 6, inclosing subscription:

ELLIOTTVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1866.—There are not Johnson men enough in this Democratic town to prevent the circulation of THE TRIBUNE. Inclosed due check for \$30, which amount send to my address 100 Weeks, three months. Yours for the cause.

J. KING SKINNER.



BISMARCK—"Pardon, mon ami; but we really can't allow you to pick up anything here."

NAP—(the Chiffonnier)—"Pray, don't mention it, M'sieu! it's not of the slightest consequence."

CUBA, Sept. 3, 1866.—Inclosed find draft for \$45.00, for which send 153 CAMPAIGN TRIBUTES to the subscriber. By this you will perceive that "we still survive in Cuba, and intend making the thing interesting for "Andy" and his friends, particularly when the votes are counted. Yours truly,

J. H. HALLACK,
Cuba, Alleghany County, N. Y.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 1, 1866.—I inclose (\$10) ten dollars for 20 copies of THE TRIBUNE for three months, having listened to a long speech from the President—once an Alderman. Respectfully,

R. S. BROWN,
Commercial Traveler, Middlebury, Conn.

WORKS OF THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.—Inclosed you will find \$32.10 for 107 copies of THE CAMPAIGN TRIBUNE, which you will please forward as soon as convenient.

L. NOBLE, Waltham, Mass.

POSTVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1866.—Inclosed please find draft for \$20, the proceeds of one hour's labor among the friends of the Union, for 60 copies of THE CAMPAIGN TRIBUNE, which send to my address. Yours truly,

C. K. WRIGHT, Postville, N. Y.

P.—It has been a long time since I have used much effort in getting up clubs for your paper, but the time has come when all Union men should work, and the most effectual preaching is through your paper, for the time and money expended.

MOSCOW, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, N. Y.—Inclosed I send you \$30 for 100 copies of your Campaign paper.

H. TILTON, Moscow, Livingston County, N. Y.

WARSAW, N. Y., August 28, 1866.—Inclosed I send \$74.50, to pay as follows: 100 CAMPAIGN TRIBUTES, 24 SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUTES, 3 months; 3 SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUTES, 1 year—13 WEEKLY TRIBUTES, 1 year—all to WARSAW, N. Y. Yours respectfully,

AUGUSTUS FRANK.

CAMDEN, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1866.—Inclosed please find draft for \$30, for which you will please send me 100 copies of THE CAMPAIGN TRIBUNE, commencing with the present week. Three cheers for Congress.

JAMES H. GAMBLE,
Camden, Oneida County, N. Y.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 5, 1866.—I must again trouble you to add 50 papers of THE CAMPAIGN TRIBUNE to the package of S. D. Drake, for Elizabeth. This makes 200 numbers in all, viz: 150 for S. D. Drake, Elizabeth, and 50 for W. G. Jones, Elizabethport, for which last the order was sent yesterday, with check. Inclosed find check for \$15. Yours respectfully,

PERHAM PRICE.

NEBRASKA CITY, August 28, 1866.—You will please find inclosed draft on New York for \$100, contributed by two of our citizens, for which you will please send THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE for one year to the following places: 15 copies to Baton Rouge, the remainder to be divided between New Orleans and Memphis, and to be delivered by Postmasters to rebels only. Yours respectfully,

G. W. BROOK.

PORT BYRON, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1866.—I have this day paid by Express \$33, for which I wish you to send 100 copies of THE CAMPAIGN TRIBUNE to my address for the

E. B. HAYDEN.

Port Byron, Cayuga County, N. Y.

SOUTHERBRIDGE, MASS., Sept. 4, 1866.—Inclosed please find draft for \$30, to pay for 100 copies of "THE EXTRA TRIBUNE for the Political Campaign," to be addressed to me at this place for circulation among the people. We realize the necessity for keeping before the eye full and correct discussions of the issues involved in the Campaign even in a community like this where "my policy" finds scarce a single advocate, and there is no publication so suitable for the service as this. You will, therefore, forward them as directed, and oblige yours respectfully,

A. J. BARTHOLOMEW.

IRONTON, OHIO, Sept. 1, 1866.—Inclosed please find draft for \$62, for which send us 240 CAMPAIGN TRIBUTES for three months; also, one WEEKLY TRIBUTE for one year, to Robert Shore, Three-Prong Post-office, Greenup County, Ky. Yours respectfully,

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